APR 27 45
MUSCULUM COLLEGE LIBRARY

**What Happens to a Writer in His Home Town . . . By Jesse Stuart**

# THE Saturday Review OF LITERATURE

VOLUME XXVIII No. 16 NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 21, 1945 FIFTEEN CENTS

"AMERICAN GUERRILLA IN THE PHILIPPINES"
by Ira Wolfert
Reviewed by Brig.-Gen. Donald Armstrong

"THE MIDDLE SPAN"
by George Santayana
Reviewed by Mary M. Colum

"ANCESTORS' BROCADES"
by Millicent Todd Bingham
and
"BOLTS OF MELODY"
Edited by Mabel Loomis Todd and Millicent Todd Bingham
Reviewed by Robert N. Linscott

"THE BEST FROM YANK"
Selected by the Editors of Yank
Reviewed by Corporal Maurice Basseches

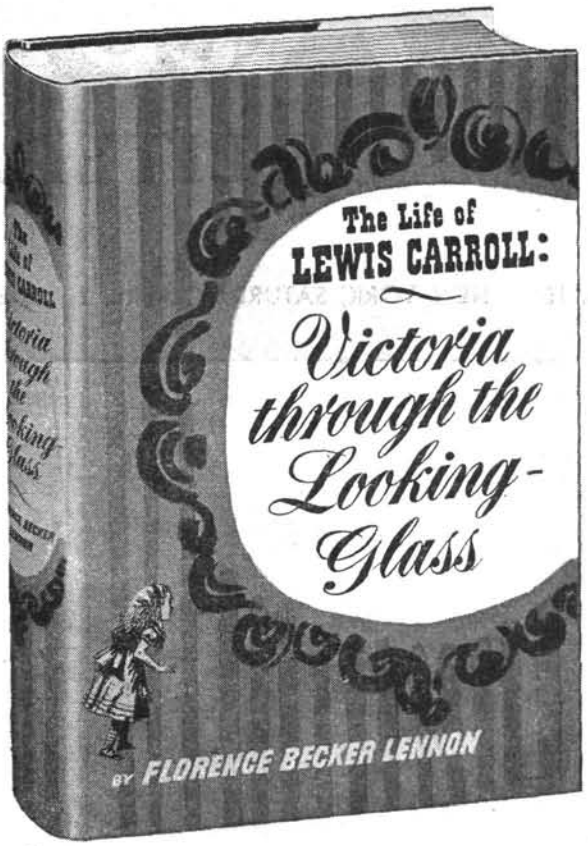
"CAN REPRESENTATIVE GOVERNMENT DO THE JOB?"
by Thomas K. Finletter
Reviewed by Alfred McClung Lee

STRICTLY PERSONAL
(The Roosevelts)
by Morris Ernst

—SRL Drawing by Frances O'Brien Garfield

IRA WOLFERT, in telling Lieut. I. D. Richardson's story, has written "history with histrionics." (See page 7)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



## "It's the best butter."

*—The March Hare*

**"Victoria Through the Looking-Glass** is a stimulating and provocative biography of Lewis Carroll—a book that every Alice fan will want to own and read." *—N. Y. Post*

**"A fascinating, first-rate biography.** No lover of Alice will be disappointed." *—Boston Globe*

**"In her fascinating book** Mrs. Lennon reconciles the author and his works and with enormous and affectionate scholarship gives us a brilliant study of the gentle, snobbish, impish, frustrated, logical Charles and of the mind from which he brought forth his inexhaustible masterpieces." *—New York Sun*

**"A labor of love,** and thoroughly worthy of its subject." *—Philadelphia Inquirer*

**Price $3.50** **SIMON AND SCHUSTER**

Advance List

## THE LEPER KING

*by Zofia Kossak.* The story of King Baldwin IV, a boy with a rotting body and a lion's heart; and of Sybilla, a beautiful wanton. A richly patterned dramatic companion novel to BLESSED ARE THE MEEK. *256 pages.* $2.50

## COPERNICUS
### AND HIS WORLD

*by Hermann Kesten, illustrated by Hugo Steiner-Prag.* A warmly written biography of the life and times of Copernicus. Thomas Mann says: "Hits the mark. . . . Extraordinarily interesting, amazingly learned, yet amusing, exact and graceful." Already published. *416 pages.* $3.50

## ITALY
### AND THE COMING WORLD

*by Don Luigi Sturzo.* A liberal and philosophic priest and publicist, a great Christian-Democrat, writes a faithful interpretation of the "Spirit of Italy" from the Roman Empire up to the present. *320 pages.* $3.50

## THE PROMISE HITLER KEPT

*by Stefan Szende.* The dramatic account of the life, struggle and escape of the man whom the hand of the hangman did not reach. The actual experience of an everyday citizen of Lwow, Poland. *288 pages.* $2.75

## EVOLUTION OF THE DUTCH NATION

*by Bernard H. M. Vlekke.* The upbuilding of the Dutch people, from prehistoric days to the day of the German invasion. *392 pages.* $3.50

## THE RIGHTS OF NATIONS

*by Czeslaw Poznanski.* A strong case for a free association of European nations on a basis of equality. *256 pages.* $2.50

## THE POLISH WORKER

*by Feliks Gross.* The first book covering all aspects of Polish labor, including a graphic picture of the life and struggle of the worker. *288 pages.* $3.00

ROY PUBLISHERS
25 W. 45 St., New York 19

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# This Week

## Articles


PAGE

WHAT HAPPENS TO A WRITER IN HIS HOME TOWN
By Jesse Stuart ..... 5

WHAT WILL THE HISTORIANS SAY?
By Roger Butterfield ..... 13

SPRING 1945 BOOKS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE
By Mary Gould Davis ..... 28


## Reviews


AMERICAN GUERRILLA IN THE PHILIPPINES
By Ira Wolfert
*Reviewed by Brig.-Gen. Donald Armstrong* ..... 7

THE MIDDLE SPAN
By George Santayana
*Reviewed by Mary M. Colum* ..... 8

ANCESTORS' BROCADES
By Millicent Todd Bingham

BOLTS OF MELODY
Edited by Mabel Loomis Todd and Millicent Todd Bingham
*Reviewed by Robert N. Linscott* ..... 10

THE BEST FROM YANK
Selected by the Editors of *Yank*
*Reviewed by Corp. Maurice Basseches* ..... 11

CAN REPRESENTATIVE GOVERNMENT DO THE JOB?
By Thomas K. Finletter
*Reviewed by Alfred McClung Lee* ..... 12

THE SMALL BACK ROOM
By Nigel Balchin
*Reviewed by N. L. Rothman* ..... 24

GOOD-BYE PROUD WORLD
By Margaret Emerson Bailey
*Reviewed by Katharine Scherman Rosin* ..... 25

ONE GOD
By Florence Mary Fitch
*Reviewed by Graham Bates* ..... 27


## Departments


LITERARY I.Q. ..... 9

STRICTLY PERSONAL
By Morris Ernst ..... 14

EDITORIAL ..... 16

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR ..... 17

TRADE WINDS
By Bennett Cerf ..... 20

SEEING THINGS
By John Mason Brown ..... 22

LITERARY CRYPT: No. 96 ..... 26

THE PHOENIX NEST
By William Rose Benét ..... 32

THE CRIMINAL RECORD ..... 32

DOUBLE-CROSTICS: No. 578 ..... 35

DOUBLE-CROSTICS CLUB ..... 35



THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, published weekly by the Saturday Review Associates, Inc., 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y. Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Amy Loveman, Secretary. Subscription, $5 a year; $6 in Canada and other countries; $4 for service men. At least 3 weeks' notice required for changes of address; both old and new addresses must be given. Member of Audit Bureau of Circulations. Printed in U. S. A. Vol. XXVIII, No. 16, April 21, 1945. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature." Entire issue, Copyright, 1945, by Saturday Review Associates, Inc.



*A long, rich historical novel which captures the strength and excitement of America's early life—laid in Colonial Newport in the late 1600's.*

ASK NO QUARTER

*By George Marsh*

ASK NO QUARTER is the colorful story of a hot-blooded young American, Hugh Jocelyn, sailor and privateersman, of the men who fought at his side, and of the women who loved him. This sweeping chronicle of our history on land and sea is a rich authentic picture of the people of that time and how they lived.

*At your bookstore* $3.00

.. and published by MORROW

*Tough, funny, fast-paced—starring SID AMES, two-fisted private detective...*

ONE ANGEL LESS

BY H. W. RODEN

2nd Printing
At bookstores, $2.

Author of
"Too Busy to Die," etc.

MORROW MARKS THE MYSTERY





PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# THE man AND THE moment

IT IS NO ACCIDENT that great men happen along when we need them most. The times have always produced the leader . . . and our own chaotic times have produced many.

Consider the man who is, at the moment, busy winning the war on the Western Front. For an explanation of how General Dwight Eisenhower "happened" we would have to go back to a pair of pacifist grandparents who were driven out of Germany for practicing their religious faith. A strong, patient, peace-loving mother taught young Dwight how to be an individual . . . if necessary, a non-conformist . . . but with enough tolerance and understanding of others to give them plenty of elbow room.

History was in the earth where he was born. The remains of an exciting past, haunting the streets of the ex-cattle town of Abilene, Kansas, aroused Ike's interest in what had happened years ago, and led him to see things whole . . . the present as a natural result of the past, holding the seeds of the future.

His training and heritage made him a pacifist at heart . . . and a more understanding, determined fighter because of it. An early interest in logistics led him to read a great deal and to think a great deal . . . as a result of which he developed into one of the world's great strategists. A childhood spent in helping with chores around the house, doing odd jobs around town, helped him remember, later, how easy it is to fall asleep when you should stay awake . . . how dog-tired a man can get . . . even at the wheel of a jeep or in a foxhole.

*Alden Hatch's* intimate, full-length portrait of GENERAL IKE shows young Dwight working nights in the engine room at the town creamery; reading logistics in between tending engines; making the plans which finally led him to West Point. His mother's opposition to war forced him to think long and deeply about the causes of the first World War, and his clear understanding of the issues and forces involved made it that much easier for him to fight those forces twenty-five years later.

In 1923, Eisenhower's prophetic commanding officer, the beloved General Fox Conner, foresaw another world conflict brewing and urged the young officer to study at Leavenworth's General Staff School. Eisenhower's intelligence and administrative ability would be desperately needed, the old General said, in a couple of decades. And so it happened.

GENERAL IKE is an exciting, human record of how a great man grew . . . of the forces and influences that molded his future. Reading it, we begin to understand not only why we are winning the war . . . but all the precious, intangible things that make America a place and an idea worth winning a war for. It is a reassuring and heartening story.

GENERAL IKE

A BIOGRAPHY OF
DWIGHT D. EISENHOWER
*by Alden Hatch*
$2.75

HENRY HOLT & COMPANY
257 FOURTH AVE. NEW YORK 10



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

*The Saturday Review of Literature*

# What Happens to a Writer in His Home Town

JESSE STUART

ON any Saturday in the year I can stand on the street corner in Greenup, Kentucky, and see characters come in from the hills I have used in short stories, poems, and novels. They come by foot, mule and horse back, wagon and automobile and bring the produce from their farms to barter for merchandise. I could stand there all day and point out characters that have brought me from exactly nothing (for I gave stories away about them to publications that couldn't pay) to five dollars, ten, twenty-five, fifty, one hundred, two hundred, five hundred, and the characters in my novels have brought me more.

Many of these people know they are characters in my short stories, poems, and novels. And if I have used them in a way they think is favorable, they are very proud of it. But if I have told a few things about them they didn't know I knew and wondered how I found out, they are none too proud of their being in my short stories and novels. And they don't go around telling they are in one of my books. But they don't do any griping. They just keep quiet about it since their real names are not used and they are not sure that other people know who the characters really are. They just leave the situation as it stands. If they think I've made a mistake portraying them they either think it was unintentional, since we are all very good friends, or that I'm just a little off in the head. And I am glad they think as they do and let things stand as they are.

But such an attitude certainly isn't true of all my characters. One story that was told to me was a hot one. The woman who told me the story was a personal friend of mine and I was at that time teaching her son and daughter in high school. She told me the story about her people and was weeping all the time she told me. When she was through with this story I was weeping.

She had picked me up on the highway where I was waiting for a ride to Greenup, Kentucky. Before we had reached Greenup she told me another story where she imagined her husband was the father of her neighbor's baby. I asked her why she thought so and she said because of the child's toes. They were grown together like her husband's. A very good reason, I thought, as I hurried from Greenup, five miles home to get to my typewriter. I wrote the story about her people that afternoon and that night I wrote the story about the baby, "Toes."

The story I wrote about her people caused me a lot of trouble. It sold to a popular magazine, a magazine widely distributed in our section. And the distribution was made greater by a man who had fought with these people. When he read the story, he knew whom it was about . . . came to me, shook my hand, and called me his friend. He thought we were brothers in arms against a common enemy . . . his enemy. But I told him I didn't look at the situation like this . . . that it was a story told to me by one of the clan. That didn't matter to him. He ordered two hundred copies of this magazine and distributed them among his friends. And then it was trouble for me. Characters of this story turned out to be very unfriendly, even the woman who told it to me, and the men started gunning for me. Then I got two guns . . . a .38 Special and a Derringer. They, by letter, had defied me to walk in certain parts of the town. I went there and stood with two guns on me and defied their threat.

**Jesse Stuart: "They even sued me."**

"Toes," too, was published. And by this time gossip was stirring about this episode between these two families. Everything would have been all right in this case if it hadn't been for a friend of mine, an elderly lady with a tongue for gossip, getting hold of the magazine and reading the story. Then I was included in the gossip as being very friendly with the woman who told the story. I have often wondered if my character didn't spread this rumor since she was jealous of her husband and wanted to make him jealous of someone. That was where the retribution came for her. There wasn't any retribution for me but just a remuneration not big enough for all the trouble.

THEN I was sued for $75,000 because I had written that a man had been sentenced to the pen. I called the man by his name, had it in an editorial of a little newspaper that I had started and that later failed because the ads were squeezed off and because I couldn't get a permit to send it through the mail (a reason I never knew why). And while I was discussing this lawsuit with my lawyer, he took me into his confidence and just told me a pleasant little story about his boyhood days. He told the story to me probably to soothe my nerves, for they were on edge, but as soon as he was through telling me the story I took over the ridge home in the dead of the night. I reached home by midnight and had the story finished before four o'clock and in the morning mail by eight. I never revised it and that is probably why I forgot to take my lawyer's name from the story. It didn't any more than reach the editor until it sold, and just as my trial was getting under way the magazine was on the newsstands.

The next day, after the magazine



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

was out, I met my lawyer on the street with a copy under his arm. I spoke "good morning" to him but he looked at me with mean eyes.

"Goddamn you, Jess Stuart," he said.

That story, I thought. I forgot to take his name out.

I wondered if he would represent me at the trial but he did. They had postponed the trial on the day it was scheduled and moved it up several days, due to the high feeling that ran on both sides. Men walked the streets with pistols in holsters on their hips, in their hip pockets, and stuck down behind their boot tops. The boy that guarded me was a character in one of my stories; the men that came to protect me if violence flared at the trial were characters in my stories, poems, and novels.

But when my lawyer came to the courthouse, I could tell he was plenty mad. He was carrying a copy of another magazine that had one of my stories called "The Judge Takes a Holiday."

"You've committed legal suicide with this story," he said, gritting his teeth. "How on earth do you think I can defend you? How do you expect to get justice with a story published about the judge who presides over your trial?"

"But the Judge doesn't . . ." I started to say.

"The hell he doesn't know," my lawyer broke in, his lips trembling. "Only one copy of this magazine ever went to the Judge's home county until this story was published and now his political enemies have dumped five hundred copies into the county! You're going to have to plead insanity! And I wonder—"

LUCKILY for me my lawyer was riled when a man of the other clan brought a copy of the magazine with the story about him to show him the kind of a man he was defending. The plaintiff, who said I had defamed his character by writing he was sentenced to the pen (and my lawyer didn't have any records to prove this), was called to the witness chair. After he was asked a few preliminary questions my lawyer looked at the magazine, opened at the right place for him, and roared like a lion, at the plaintiff, "After all, you did go to the pen?"

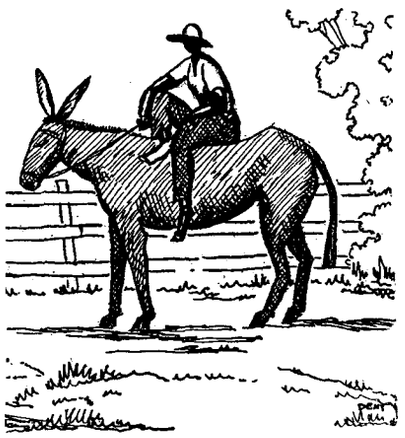
Then my lawyer reached down and picked up the magazine as if it were a record of the plaintiff's past.

"I did not go to the pen," he said angrily. "I was only sentenced."

He had just made his remark before the plaintiff's lawyer could jump to his feet and make an objection to the Judge. Then the Judge looked at me, his face red as a sliced beet, and screamed, "Objection sustained!"

But it was too late. I had won my case. The witness had confessed, told everything, and the trial was over.

But I had decided not to write about any more people around home. . . . Not for awhile. . . . I made up my mind to write about characters who couldn't sue me or shoot me, and who wouldn't band together in groups *favorable* and *unfavorable*. That's why I chose to write stories about snakes, hogs, and especially dogs. It had never



occurred to me before why so many people had written about animals. Now, I knew.

Snakes I found decidedly unpopular among editors. I sent one snake story many trips. To one editor I sent it three times. When he turned it down the first time, I waited a year and sent it to him again. I had sold him stories by waiting a year and sending the same stories to him the second time. And he hadn't remembered he had turned them down before. But he remembered this snake story and wrote me a note that he had turned it down the year before. Then I revised and retyped it, for the paper was worn from much sending, and sent it to him the third time. As it happened, at that time I was passing through his city and dropped in to see him.

"Your snake story," he said, "is a good story. But honest, we can't use it. Our magazine is a man's magazine but the women read it and they don't like to read about snakes!"

Then I gave up hopes after I sent it the thirty-seventh trip until a friend of mine told me of a magazine published in America with a woman editorial staff. I sent them six stories, including the snake story. The snake story was immediately accepted and the others promptly returned. The following spring this snake story was reprinted in the "Best Short Stories," an anthology edited by a woman.

Then I wrote a story about a runt pig I bought for a quarter, raised on a bottle until he was big enough to be suckled by a cow, whom he must have thought was his mother. This story made thirty-two trips before it was published. Then the letters came to me from people all over the country. All were of the same opinion, that a pig wouldn't be suckled by a cow. I answered letters until I got tired telling interested people I owned a pig that did it. I spent energy enough on that one story, defending it, to write twenty short stories. Finally the magazine published a picture in its end pages of a cow suckling a pig. . . . The picture was sent to this country from far away Australia. The caption below the picture was: "Nature Follows Jesse Stuart." Shortly afterwards a picture appeared in the newspapers of America with a cow suckling four pigs. That ended this row. But I turned to dogs.

IN six and a half days (I started the book on Monday morning and had it finished by Saturday at noon) I wrote a dog novel. I used my own dogs, a mongrel, a highly pedigreed Irish setter I brought from New England, and a shepherd. I let Jerry-B Boneyard, the mongrel, tell the story. Editors must have forgotten there was once a highly popular book published in this country called "Black Beauty" about a horse that spoke like a human being. At least my dog book was turned down at first by my publishers and three others. When a well-known editor of a well-known publishing house told me he would accept this book, that it was a little classic, my publishers not knowing that this had happened called the MS back, accepted and published it. When it was published it only got one good review, that by a publication that had never given one of my books a good review. Something had happened. Jerry-B Boneyard, hero of "Mongrel Mettle," never a popular dog among people or dogs, found himself in a new world.

The mountaineer fox hunters at home, the farmers, and the townpeople bought this book. And practically all my human characters, especially the unfavorable ones, bought this book to see what I had to say about dogs. Most all of them knew Jerry-B Boneyard, for he had run around all over the county, he had even sucked eggs in their henhouses, had killed their young chickens, had torn up their fox chases. . . . He had been shot at by four of them with intent to kill, once for sucking eggs, once for killing chickens, twice for visiting their lady dogs. . . . Yet, he lived, though the shot still rattled under his skin. He had had a big tree fall on him and he was lain out for dead; yet he came to and lived though a panel of his ribs was caved in.

He was caught in a steel trap and was held there for four days. When he was found the trap had cut his leg on two sides to the bone. He survived this. But when a big joltwagon rolled



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

over him with a heavy wagon bed on the wagon and two men in it, he was thought to be dead. The driver laid him out beside the road and planned if he were still there after he had loaded his wagon with rocks that he would finish him with a club. I don't know about a dog's premonition of death but when this driver came back with the team Jerry-B Boneyard was gone. He had dragged his hind legs and had reached home, two miles in four hours. In a week he was well and back in the woods again.

When I went home on leave, I was surprised to find people naming their favorite puppies after Jerry-B Boneyard. People were paying high prices for his sons and daughters (and there are many of them). My neighbors were not only keeing the fleas from him but they were bathing him with sweet smelling soaps. One man had even taken him into his home for the night and let Jerry-B Boneyard sleep in his bed with him. He had put him in a chair at the breakfast table next morning and let him eat with the family. Another man asked me seriously about the possibilities of his having an upper plate made for Jerry-B since he had lost his front uppers digging after possums, skunks, and foxes.

Anywhere that Jerry-B Boneyard went he was a welcomed visitor. He was fleaed, bathed, and fed. He was given all the eggs, raw or cooked, he wanted. And people were introducing him to their lady dogs to get his mongrel stock when only a short time ago they were shooting at him if he came near one.

He is certainly the most popular of all the characters I have written about. And it makes me wonder if he hasn't really started a new breed of dogs, the Mongrel, that will be very popular in years to come.

# The Exploits of Lieut. I. D. Richardson

*AMERICAN GUERRILLA in the Philippines. The Story of Lieut. Iliff D. Richardson. By Ira Wolfert. New York: Simon & Schuster.* 1945. 301 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by
BRIGADIER GENERAL DONALD ARMSTRONG

A YOUNG naval officer was transferred in 1941 from the minesweeper *U.S.S. Bittern* to Motor Torpedo Boat Squadron 3, destined to become famous as "the expendables." That was a suitable item for the officer's alumni news. When on April 8, 1942, this same officer, in one of the two surviving boats of the squadron, helped torpedo a Jap cruiser and the next morning watched his ship blown to splinters by Jap dive bombers, that was a front-page story in anybody's newspaper. But when "he involved himself in the guerrilla movement on Leyte, worked up to chief of staff to Colonel Ruperto Kangleon, and ultimately became primarily responsible for the radio network which was General MacArthur's light back to Leyte," that's the stuff that histories are made on. Ira Wolfert's book is this history that surpasses in its authentic details the fictitious excitement and thrills invented by the most imaginative novelist. Although successive episodes crowd each other, Wolfert has built up a suspense that will permit the reader only with the greatest reluctance to lay this book aside before reaching the end.

Lieutenant Iliff David Richardson is the hero of this tale. In the opening scene, he shares in the surprise night attack by the two PT boats on a large Jap cruiser and its accompanying destroyer. Wolfert achieves marked success in the form of his narrative, and in this respect the remarkable description of a minor naval engagement is a fitting prologue to the swift, unrelenting action of his dramatic narrative, most of which takes place on the island of Leyte.

On the enchanted island of this tale Miranda is a wealthy and lovely Spanish girl called Curly, and Caliban, multiplied by thousands, becomes the ugly, toothy invader in Japanese uniform. Mr. Wolfert does not need the "boy meets girl" episodes to hold the interest of the average reader, and it is possibly a defect—not, of course, for Hollywood purposes—to over-emphasize the love story. There's excitement and delight enough in watching the lieutenant and his guerrilla companions plague and punish and frustrate the Japanese without dragging in, rather indiscreetly, the love affair that might more appropriately remain the private property of Lieutenant Richardson. But *chacun à son gout.*

**Lieut. I. D. Richardson**

Richardson, however, did not set out to become a guerrilla. His first decision was to try to reach Australia; the 1,300 miles and lack of any suitable transportation did not deter him. With a handful of landlubberish companions he set sail in a Philippine banca hewn out of a forty-foot log. A severe storm capsized the banca, and only after thirteen hours' swimming did the captain and his crew make the shore. This tragi-comic journey by sea is an unforgettable episode and is a masterpiece of descriptive writing enlivened by a keen sense of the ludicrous.

Here was Richardson then, back in the Philippines with leisure to look around and to start a book about the PT boats. Eventually he suffered a sea change into, of all things for a naval officer, a major on Colonel Kangleon's staff. At first, however, he was repelled by the guerrilla movement. He discovered that they were chiefly racketeers taking advantage of the situation to rob and rape. Richardson was not tempted to join such an undertaking. He felt he was the "technician type" and not at all inclined to look for trouble. The thought of Curly at length drew him back to Leyte where Colonel Ruperto Kangleon was the leader of a guerrilla band that forbade looting and had a serious and patriotic purpose. Richardson's duties as major and chief of staff to Kangleon supported his mission as a naval officer, "to construct a radio network to spy on Jap shipping." The story of his and the guerrillas' activities will fascinate the reader. It is a story of courageous initiative, inventivenes, and cunning.

Ideologies played little or no part in the guerrilla activities of the Filipinos. The attitude of these natives, however, towards their American friends is most heartening evidence of the soundness of our colonial policy. Their improvised operations against the Jap invaders, with Richardson's ingenious help, crippled the enemy, collected valuable information in anticipation of MacArthur's return to the Philippines, and took care of the Fifth Columnists in suitable fashion.

General MacArthur awarded Lieutenant Richardson the Army's Silver Star with Oak Leaf Cluster for his "marked skill and coolness . . . in the face of greatly superior enemy forces" while he was on duty with the PT squadron. What he did thereafter and Wolfert's description of what happened to him entitle both of them to the gratitude of the public who will delight to read of these exploits.



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# The Life of Reason

*THE MIDDLE SPAN, "Persons and Places," Continued, by George Santayana. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.* 1945. 181 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by MARY M. COLUM

SANTAYANA is an international intellectual with that variety of talents that only the Latin races seem to be able to produce in a single individual. He can do many types of writing with immense distinction. Even if as a philosopher he is thought of more highly by men of letters than by academic philosophers who instruct the young and attract disciples, that may be no great loss in the final estimation of "The Life of Reason" or "Realms of Being." He can write poetry so finely and of such wisdom that it is bound to be part of English literature though he himself has often made the statement that, as he did not draw in the language with his mother's milk, he cannot make words obey his call in the way that a poet of genius in a language is able to do. With the drawback to an English-writing poet of having lisped in Spanish, he has an added disadvantage: he was not, as he says in a well-known sonnet, "born to be beatified by anguish," but "to stand perplexed aside from so much sorrow." Still, there are many cherished writers who experienced neither anguish nor joy but something in the middle ground that helped them to ruminate on life and on the symbols that have been evolved for the explanation of it, writers who often seem to be more knowledgable, less dense, for the limitation of their experience. Santayana, not only by temperament but by his own plan of life, seems to have been destined for the middle way. Anyhow, he has gone that way and has brought out of it a curious wisdom, something that is a combination of the mundane with the disinterestedly spiritual. His mind has never been distorted by the strain of too intense feeling or by impetuosity, by too much work or a too imprudent sense of duty. In fact, his education in Boston, his thirty years' connection with Harvard, has made Santayana more of a New Englander than he wots of.

His critical mind makes him too conscious of the fact that the language of his poetry does not come dancing fresh and new out of his mind; it is well to remember that some poetic thought is best expressed in words that by long use are mellowed and as responsive and tranquilizing to the mind as old furniture or old silver. For this sort of language the measured cadence of the sonnet is probably the best poetic mold. It does not matter at all that the words in lines like these from a well-known sonnet of his:

> It is not wisdom to be only wise,
> And on the inner vision close the eyes,
> But it is wisdom to believe the heart.

have been handled for long, or that the reader has to pause a minute to realize that the vision and emotion have not really been expressed in this way before, familiar as the lines seem. Some mysterious energy or essence floats over the lines and they become memorable poetry, even memorable emotional poetry, of a kind that sinks into the memory after a few repetitions.

With all the exciting quality of the work he has produced, a curiously unexciting personality emerges from his autobiography of which the second volume, "The Middle Span," has just been published. A personality too balanced as only the Latins can be balanced, and, despite the severity of his strictures on professors and on the lack of knowledge and disinterestedness in the academic world, what he himself remains is a man of that world. He can be at ease in other Zions, but still, whether in actual teaching or *en retraite,* it is the academic world that is his, and it is the persons of that world who are most attracted to him. Nevertheless, wherever he is, he is always the artist—he is the artist-scholar, the artist-philosopher, the scholar-poet, a not uncommon combination in universities, but rarely of this quality. In every country he goes to, Santayana gravitates to the universities and to the men of the universities; in Germany, though he liked the beer, the music, and even the uniforms, what he really recalls is the professors he listened to—Paulson on Greek ethics and Spinoza, Lasson on Fichte, Deussen on Schopenhauer, and so on. When he went from Germany to England for the holidays he naturally stayed in Oxford. Germany, really, had not made much of an appeal to him, but he loved England—the people, the climate, and what he believes to be the national attitude to life—"the primacy there of the physical and moral nature over the intellectual. . . . Man was not made to understand the world but to live in it."

In this volume the people who are most memorable are either English or, like the American Quaker family of the Smiths, those who so adopted England that they were practically English. Earl Russell, Bertrand Russell's elder brother, he calls the most extraordinary of all his friends. Russell was a peer, had wealth, position, mistresses, a contempt for convention, a store of abusive language shocking to Santayana yet frequently enough found in the English aristocracy—in this young man he has drawn a common enough type of the British privileged classes. The scandal of Russell's divorce rocked England, alienated him from polite society, and the

# The Praying Mantis Visits a Penthouse

**Oscar Williams**

THE praying Mantis with its length of straw
Out of the nowhere's forehead born full armed
Engages the century at my terrace door.
Focused at inches the dinosaur insect sends
Broadsides of epic stillness at my eye,
Above the deafening projects of the age.
My wife, who fears the thunder of its poise,
Has seen it and cries out. The clouds like curls
Fall in my face as I seize a stick to stop
This Martian raid distilled to a straw with legs,
To wisps of prowess. Bristling with motionlessness
The Mantis prays to the Stick twice armed with Man.

I strike, the stick whistles, shearing off two legs
Which run off by themselves beneath some boards.
The Mantis spreads out tints of batlike wing,
The many colored pennants of its blood,
And hugs my weapon; the frantic greens come out,
The reds and yellows blurt out from the straw,
All sinews doubtless screaming insect death.
Against the railing's edge I knock the stick
Sending that gay mad body into the gulf.
Such noisy trappings in defeat wake doubts.
I search my mind for possible wounds and feel
The victim's body heavy on the victor's heart.



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

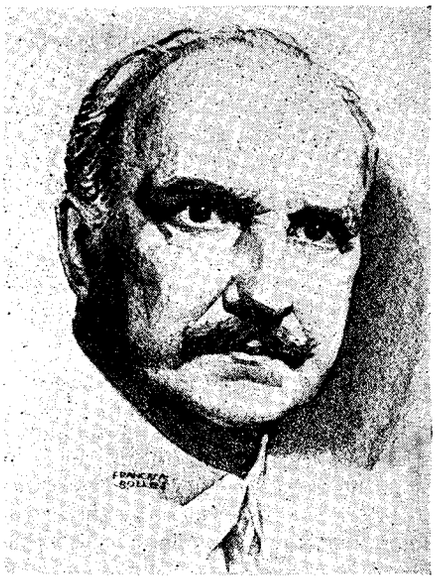
young man's goings-on is the occasion for Santayana's delivering himself of a bit of worldly wisdom. "A young man with a brilliant career open to him in the world is a fool to flout public opinion even if he secretly despises it." Here he has thoroughly absorbed a solid piece of English social philosophy—the career is the thing.

Lord Russell gave him four letters of introduction to men in Oxford, one of whom was the poet Lionel Johnson who later wrote to him the affectionate poem "To a Spaniard in America." In spite of the fact that, among the four, Johnson was the one whom Santayana might be expected to have most in common with, he felt so alien from him that he writes of him with the nearest thing to dislike exhibited towards anyone in this volume. In this encounter we get illumination on Santayana: Johnson was what Santayana could never be, an immoderate man who made a wild struggle to get outside the limitations that conditions had placed him in. He changed his religion to Catholicism, changed his race—he decided he wanted to be Irish —steeped himself in the immoderate French poets and probably tried to form his life on theirs. The criticism of him on Santayana's part is extraordinary. "The absence of all foundations, of all concreteness, of all distinction between fiction and truth, makes his poetry indigestible." Even that other Harvard professor, Irving Babbitt, couldn't beat this in the way of miscomprehending a poet; practically every word is meaningless as applied to poetry, and the curious thing is that some of Johnson's work, the famous "Dark Angel" for instance, is quite like Santayana's own. In a way Lionel Johnson fascinated him, as he fascinated Russell who wrote of him, "He was my dearest friend and the greatest influence on my life." Later he was a great influence on Yeats and on the Rhymers's Club.

Less of sardonic criticism and witty condescension is exercised on English persons than on others, than on his Boston and Harvard acquaintances, for instance. The divergence between him and his environment in Harvard was not merely one of opinion: it was so fundamental that, as he tells us, it interfered with his career and the growth of his mind. He is terribly conscious of the drawbacks of Harvard. When young Earl Russell, sent down from Oxford, visited in 1886, he was apologetic for it. "This must, after Oxford, seem rather mean." There were "The loud voiced youths passing by dressed like shop assistants . . . the ugly factory-like buildings." As for the faculty, he thinks of them as "an anonymous concourse of coral insects . . much over-worked, too poor." And then comes that familiar European criticism of American men in general, the faculty was "too much tied up in their homes." As for Boston society, "highly moralized and highly cultivated," but built on business, he makes it even duller than do the recent Boston novelists and dramatists. Even a picturesque vital character like Mrs. Jack Gardner who built herself a Venetian palace and left a museum, drops considerable of her interest after Santayana is through with her. She never achieved what she set out to be, a grande dame like the great ladies of France or Italy; she collected art, he tells us, not as an enhancement of life but to have a collection that was destined to become a museum.

In spite of everything Boston must have taken up a great deal of Santayana's life, and he might have married there and settled down to become a Bostonian, but for a reason which throws an illumination on the structure of his mind and his consciousness. Though, as he tells us, he was not "a believer in what my religion teaches dogmatically" he could not imagine himself having a wife and children who were not Catholics; if they were Protestants or Freethinkers they would not have been his wife and children "except by accident."

After thirty years at Harvard during which he saved up for the time when he could leave it, he kicked the dust of Boston off his feet and took the boat for Europe. "The professor was dead, the man revived." "The intellectual world of my time," he says in this book, "alienated me intellectually . . . it was a babble of false principles and blind cravings . . . I wished to remain a visitor." That is what Santayana has been everywhere, a detached visitor, in this book even detached from his own philosophy. One might expect him to dwell in the realm of essence to the extent of mentioning one of the "timeless appearances" now and again, but he does not. There he is now, a visitor in the Convent of the Blue Nuns in Rome, an old man, watching from its early center the ancient civilization of Europe battering itself to pieces because it did not realize that the life of reason was "a harmony among irrational impulses."



**George Santayana**

# *Your Literary I. Q.*

**By Howard Collins**

MORE "FOREIGN ELEMENTS"

In this week's quiz are 15 groups of characters. Of the five in each group, four have one thing in common which the fifth does not share. Can you pick out the foreign element in each group? Allowing 7 points for each correct answer, a score of 56 is par, 63 or 70 is very good, and higher than that is excellent. Answers are on page 21.

1. One of these names is not an alias: Ensign Beverly, Yancey Cravat, Theophilus Godall, Robin Oakapple, Ralph Spencer.
2. One of these was not a business man: George Babbitt, John Gilpin, David Harum, Silas Lapham, Bingo Little.
3. One of these was not a poet: Reginald Bunthorne, Philip Carey, Ernest Maltravers, Eugene Marchbanks, Tony Lumpkin.
4. Only one of these men did not shoot himself: Richard Cory, Viscount de Signolles, Brutus Jones, Dan McGrew, John Oakhurst.
5. One of these men was never a prisoner: Edmund Dantes, William Dorrit, Dorian Gray, Peter Ibbetson, Clifford Pyncheon.
6. All of these men were married twice but one: Archibald Carlyle, Godfrey Cass, David Copperfield, William Dobbin, Edward Rochester.
7. One of these characters was not an exile: Evangeline Bellefontaine, Moll Flanders, Manon Lescaut, Philip Nolan, John Snell.
8. One of these men was not a sleuth: Nick Charles, Jim Hanvey, Mycroft Holmes, Craig Kennedy, Ellery Queen.
9. One of these girls was not a servant: Pamela Andrews, Cluny Brown, Fwennie Carfax, Nancy Lammeter, Clara Peggotty.
10. One of these animals was not a dog: Bugle Ann, Silver Blaze, Beth Gelert, Beautiful Joe, Red Wull.



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Literary Footnote and Literary Event

*ANCESTORS' BROCADES—The Literary Debut of Emily Dickinson. By Millicent Todd Bingham. New York: Harper & Brothers.* 1945. 400 *pp.* $3.75.

*BOLTS OF MELODY—New Poems of Emily Dickinson. Edited by Mabel Loomis Todd and Millicent Todd Bingham. The same.* 332 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by ROBERT N. LINSCOTT

FOR fifty-nine years the full measure of Emily Dickinson's achievement has been obscured by a web of bitter jealousy woven by three women—her sister Lavinia, her sister-in-law Sue, and Mabel Loomis Todd, her first editor. The feud passed to the second generation, and, now that the list of the Dickinsons is dead, has come into the open with the publication of these two books by Millicent Todd Bingham, Mrs. Todd's daughter.

Emily died in 1886, unrecognized and unknown, the eccentric recluse of a New England village, leaving to Lavinia a bureau full of poems. Lavinia gave the poems to Sue to copy and publish, but Sue was skeptical of their value and appalled by the labor involved. After two years, Lavinia reclaimed the poems and turned them over to Mrs. Todd, gay young faculty wife who had come to Amherst five years before Emily's death and who had often been a visitor at the Dickinson home, although never permitted to meet Emily face to face.

The necessary editorial work was prodigious. Emily's handwriting at best was difficult. Often alternative words would be given and no preference indicated. Many of the poems were fragmentary or repetitious; many were written almost illegibly in pencil on scraps of paper without punctuation, spacing, or capitalization. Nevertheless, Mrs. Todd arranged and copied most of the poems and selected enough for three volumes which were published in 1890, 1891, and 1896. Also, in 1894, she collected and published a volume of Emily's letters.

The books achieved a considerable success which Mrs. Todd was quick to exploit on the lecture platform. Meanwhile Lavinia, who considered herself the sole custodian of Emily's fame, brooded at home; and Sue, irked at having missed so golden an opportunity, exacerbated by her impartial enmity a situation to which the final flawless touch was given when her husband, Austin Dickinson, brother of Emily and Lavinia, and pillar of respectability in Amherst, became an obvious admirer and frequent companion of the charming Mrs. Todd.

It is easy to understand the bitterness which must have eaten at the hearts of Lavinia and Sue, united only in their jealousy of the woman who held all the cards, including youth and beauty, and of how it would have blinded them to the fact that Mrs. Todd had made Emily's apotheosis possible by hard and patient work while Lavinia had contributed only blind faith and Sue nothing whatever.

Austin, worn by the women's wars, died in 1895. Soon after, the situation exploded in an acrimoniously contested and appealed lawsuit by which Lavinia recovered a tract of land (valued at about $500) which Austin had given Mrs. Todd. Thereupon, Mrs. Todd ceased work as editor, locked up her copies of the poems and the remaining uncopied originals, and retired from the field.

Lavinia died intestate in 1898 (her death hastened, she claimed, by Sue's petty persecutions) and Sue died in 1913. Both the feud and the manuscripts had passed to Sue's only surviving child, Martha Dickinson Bianchi, who eventually edited and wrote (not very competently) half a dozen books by and about her aunt. Madame Bianchi died in 1944, leaving these same two possessions to her companion and collaborator, Alfred Leete Hampson, together with a still unpublished manuscript giving her side of the story. Meanwhile, Mrs. Todd had died in 1932, leaving *her* Dickinson papers and *her* emotional involvement to her daughter, Millicent Todd Bingham.

*—From a letter to Thomas Wentworth Higginson, July, 1862.*

**"I am small like the wren; and my hair is bold like the chestnut burr; and my eyes, like the sherry in the glass that the guest leaves."**

"Ancestors' Brocades" describes in minute detail the publication, back in the nineties, of the first four Dickinson volumes and tells the Todd side of the feud and lawsuit that followed. There is much material here invaluable for future editors and biographers of Emily Dickinson, but the story is dragged out to tedium by the inclusion of trivialities, and little new light is thrown on Emily herself. Some of Mrs. Bingham's conclusions seem less than logical. It is her contention, for example, that Emily's love was only "an enveloping effulgence" directed toward no specific individual, but a careful reading of the poems and letters makes it quite evident that Emily was considerably less ethereal than Mrs. Bingham would have us believe. This same dehumanizing of Emily leads Mrs. Bingham to take issue with Austin's contention that Emily "posed" in her letters to Thomas Wentworth Higginson, whereas even a glance at these letters (some of the most delightful that have ever seen print) indicates that she not only posed, but was deliberately provocative in her attempt to arouse the critic's interest. Evidence of this is given by the quotation used as a caption for the portrait above.

"Ancestors' Brocades" supplies a missing piece or two to the Dickinson puzzle but essentially it is a book for the specialist and a footnote to literary history. "Bolts of Melody" (both titles are too finicky for a poet as bold as Emily) is a literary event and a monument to the patient devotion of its editors. It contains 668 hitherto unpublished poems, about half of them pieces which Emily had revised and worked over, the remainder first drafts and fragments which Mrs. Todd had put aside for later examination. At the outset, it should be said that there are no poems here quite as good as some that have been previously published, and that a high proportion are hardly more than rough drafts filled out with such oddities as "It is simple to ache in the bone or the rind,/ But gimlets along the nerve/ Mangle daintier, terribler,/ Like a panther in the glove." On the other hand, there are some that have the microcosmic vision and the boldness of image characteristic of the poet at her best. Here, for example, is the authentic and unmistakable Emily:

A coffin is a small domain
Yet able to contain
A rudiment of paradise
In its diminished plane.

A grave is a restricted breadth
Yet ampler than the sun
And all the seas he populates
And lands he looks upon,
To him who on its low repose
Bestows a single friend—
Circumference without relief,
Or estimate, or end.

One must be grateful to Mrs. Bingham for a volume that contains at least a dozen poems as good as this, and several longer poems that are even better.



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Cutting in on a Slice of Yank

*THE BEST FROM YANK. Selected by the Editors of* Yank. *New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.* 1945. 304 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by
CORPORAL MAURICE BASSECHES

I FEEL sorry for civilians.

I feel sorry for them because they can't fully enjoy *Yank.*

For *Yank, the Army Weekly*—a kind of G.I. *Collier's*—is put out strictly for soldiers by soldiers. This becomes clear even in a selection for civilian readers of the best from its pages.

As examples, I know that no civilian can laugh from head to toe as I do at the cartoon on page 167 or go warm all over at the humor on page 204. I *know.* That is the real secret of *Yank's* tremendous success. It is a G.I.'s paper—one small part of the vast, impersonal army that he can call his own—a sheet that talks to him and that he can talk to.

Though these bits of *Yank,* then, can't mean as much to a reader in mufti as they do to one in khaki, they can nevertheless please him in various ways. They can, for instance, help answer the continual homefront question, "What is it like in the army?" If your son or husband or brother has tried patiently to tell you "what it was like" on an infantry patrol in New Georgia or in a B-29 raid on Japan and has given up in despair, you can use the war reports here to fill in the gaps.

These front line—and rear area—accounts will get you inside the war as few non-G.I. correspondents can. They give you the unvarnished stories, free of false color and jazz, because that's the way your man in the army likes them.

Then again you can read "The Best from *Yank*" to discover some of the army artists and writers of this war. If you recall that a Sgt. Alexander Woollcott, a Pvt. Harold Ross, and a Pvt. LeRoy Baldridge rose to fame out of *The Stars and Stripes* of World War I, you may look here advisedly for the talent of World War II. Several men on *Yank,* such as Sgt. Marion Hargrove and Sgt. George Baker, the creator of "The Sad Sack," already have become well-known. Other staff members, like Sgts. Mack Morriss and Walter Bernstein, are beginning to command attention with keen and vivid reports of the war and the men who fight it.

*Yank's* humorists also deserve watching. Especially Sgt. Ray Duncan whose deft and madcap satire is the G.I.'s own secret weapon against the wrinkles in our war effort. And the paper's very able top man, managing editor Joe McCarthy, appears as a post-war threat to S. J. Perelman, as well as a sensitive reporter and short story writer.

Like much of its humor, most of *Yank's* fiction and all of its poetry come from soldiers not on the staff. Typical of the high quality of the contributions are the beautiful, perhaps too beautiful, story contest winner by Pvt. Joseph Dever, "Fifty Missions," and "Lullaby," the inspired and moving poem by Sgt. Charles Butler.

As a change of pace, at this point I should like to blow my top briefly. It's to gripe about the disappointing job of bookmaking—by some *civilian* publisher—that has been done on our *Yank.* In the original the magazine is one of the liveliest in America today. Compared to it, this layout in monotonous double columns is about as exciting as the telephone book. Similarly, I am pained by the way most of the cartoons are squeezed in as filler at the page bottoms.

But the real sufferers are the artists and photographers. While Sgt. Howard Brodies comes through effectively in his fine sketches from the South Pacific, illustrators Jack Ruge and Bob Greenhalgh are not always so lucky. Finally, one of *Yank's* artistic triumphs is the beauty of its photographs. Here, however, they are blurred and hazy, robbed of their usual depth and detail, texture and power. It's a crime.

Although I don't want to skim the top off all the pleasant surprises in "The Best from *Yank*"—and I haven't by far—I must point out one more of the completely non-staff departments, Mail Call. If you want a keyhole to the thinking of our army, this letter-to-the-editor section is one of the best you can find. Whether they write about Japs, Negroes, or pin-up girls, the men show a reassuring ability to sink their teeth into a problem and tear it apart in direct, incisive language.

You, too, can be proud of all these things in *Yank* and of the men who produce them but you can't be half so proud as I am.

*I know.*

# One-Drugstore Town in Wartime

*ROOSTERS CROW IN TOWN. By Henry Beetle Hough. New York: D. Appleton-Century Company.* 1945. 266 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by SARA HENDERSON HAY

HENRY BEETLE HOUGH is a native New Englander, and has been for twenty-three years editor of a small country newspaper. So when he writes about a small New England town, the town paper, and the people whose lives it touches, the background is authentic, full of perceptive detail, rich with accurate observation of personalities and the social, civic, and political activities of a rural community. The town which is the setting for his novel will not be found, he tells us, on any map or in any time-table, but it might be any town on the New England coast, a self-sufficient, quiet, one-street, one-drugstore, one-general-merchandise place which suddenly wakes to find itself a member of a nation at war.

The minor characters, sketched with veracity and humor, the glimpses of the town's reaction to the tension which grips it, the confusion of the multitudinous defense activities with their muddle of earnest inconsistencies and the subtle lampooning of self-important citizens, the "spy" scares—"How do we know that a man can't signal with sheep?'—all this faithful background leaves nothing to be desired. But when Mr. Hough gets going on the complicated and interweaving plot of suicide, attempted murder, and illicit passion which constitute the story his touch is not so sure. The tangle of loves and hates, frustrations and violence, moves in an excessively jerky fashion, and the chief characters, with the exception of the hero, are a pretty stiff and artificial lot. And the climax is almost naive in its stock melodrama.

To sum it up, the incidental writing of this book is immensely superior to the plot. As a picture of a small New England community in wartime it is superb; as a drama of human relationships and emotions it is something far less.



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Overhauling the Machinery of Democracy

*CAN REPRESENTATIVE GOVERNMENT DO THE JOB? By Thomas K. Finletter. New York: Reynal & Hitchcock.* 1945. 184 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by ALFRED MCCLUNG LEE

IN a book on representative government in the United States, one expects to find some treatment of the problem of representation. Under the heading of needed reforms, one looks for discussions of ways to improve representation, to attract at the same time more capable men and women into the governmental service, to maintain a reasonably representative balance of the pressures persistently bearing upon the executive, legislative, and judicial branches, and to preserve a governmental frame in which opposing forces can struggle for immediate ends without crystallizing such gains into permanent advantages.

In all these ways, Finletter's book is disappointing. As a former law professor and a former Special Assistant to the Secretary of State, he gives what amounts to a typical bureaucrat's-eye-view of the problem of representative government. If one were to sit down and ponder how the Federal government could be made into a less complicated environment for employees of the State Department, I should think that one would come out with proposals approximating Finletter's. Some of us are interested in a Federal government, however, which serves other purposes than smoothing out the problems of a State Department technician.

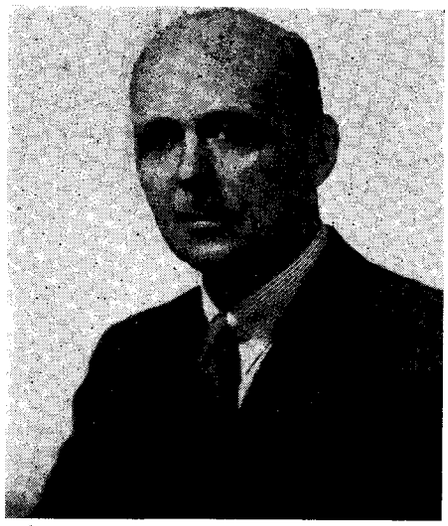
Finletter accepts the present degree of popular representation as a fixed matter. "In a large country like the United States the control by the people of their government is incomplete. . . . There is therefore in the United States a distinct group of men who govern the country," he observes. These are statements with which to this point none can quarrel, but instead of then going into a discussion of pressure groups, lobbyists, and other manipulators, Finletter amazes one by asserting quite calmly and dogmatically:

> This group consists of the officials of the federal, state, and local governments and the leaders of the national and local parties. This group is to a large extent self-perpetuating. It is not *selected* by the people although many of its members may be *elected* by them.

He compares the situation to that in large corporations where the "theoretic control is in the stockholders, but the direction of the enterprise belongs to the management, which to a large extent is self-perpetuating." This is an enticing analogy but far from a sound one.

Not only does Finletter believe that this type of control exists, but he believes it to be a satisfactory situation. "The men in public office are especially qualified. . . . They have full knowledge of the techniques of government." And above all this "autonomous power of the governing group is unavoidable in a large democracy."

The chief problem that Finletter sees with our Federal government is



**Thomas K. Finletter**

the recurrent conflict between Congress and the Executive, a phenomenon that he believes responsible for the failure of American governmental leadership both nationally and internationally during the recent Republican era. He believes this struggle a threat to future world peace and domestic tranquillity. "You cannot have a government capable of handling the most difficult problems that peactime democracy has ever faced with the two main parts of it at each other's throats." T. Roosevelt, W. Wilson, and F. D. Roosevelt did all right in the provision of leadership by being "strong" Presidents, but Finletter is fearful of a resurgence of Tafts, Hardings, Coolidges, and Hoovers.

To meet this problem, Finletter wants to work out a better structural basis for Presidential-Congressional collaboration. He thinks this can be done best by copying the British parliamentary system's main features without appearing to do so and certainly without saying that we are doing so. He proposes the institution of a Joint Executive-Legislative Cabinet and the assignment to its leaders of the right of dissolution. "It would be an American solution; we would not borrow the forms of any other country, but would evolve our own. None of the basic institutions of the American Presidential system would be touched." To avoid deadlocks, he would "give to the President the right to dissolve Congress and the Presidency and to call a general election of all three whenever a deadlock arises between Congress and the Joint Cabinet, and, second, to make the terms of the Senate, House, and Presidency of the same length—say six years from the date of each election."

What is thus offered as a way of keeping a strong legislature and at the same time of assuring effective collaboration of Congress and President turns out to be a device which would carry us one more long step towards an elective dictatorship. The election of the entire House and Senate at the same time as the President would make all votes votes for or against one of the two candidates for the Presidency. The vesting of the power of dissolution in the hands of the President, too, would place tremendous powers of timing at his disposal. A man much less politically astute than the late incumbent and with far fewer breaks would be able to stay in office almost as long as he might wish under such a system.

Our Federal Constitution is admittedly an imperfect, human document. Our Federal government, in part as a result and in part because it is dynamically human, is also imperfect. It is easy to sit down and tear off memos about what should and should not be done with it. But before any such memos are taken too seriously, no flag-waving is necessary to demonstrate that our government has served the interests of all sizable minorities of its own people at least as well as have those of Great Britain and France. Also the obstructions to what Finletter repeatedly calls "smooth" operation are also obstructions to the centralization of personal power and provisions for the exertion of pressure by otherwise unrepresented interests.

The problem of which Finletter complains can be solved well enough within our existing framework. What are needed are not framework changes but ways of assuring better representation in government and in pressure groups, more capable men and women in the service who will be motivated to remain in governmental service rather than to be hired away by special interests, and patience of democratic processes upon the part of impatient technicians and overly ambitious manipulators.

GET PRIMED FOR THE
SEVENTH WAR BOND DRIVE



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# *What Will the Historians Say?*

ROGER BUTTERFIELD

WITHIN a few hours, almost a few minutes, after a tired man said, "I have a terrible headache" and died in a cottage in Georgia, sorrow literally filled the air and was echoed everywhere on earth. It was one of those rare and deeply moving and almost mystic moments when life suddenly turns to history—not before our eyes, but in our hearts.

And for the first time the audible part of the process was recorded on the transcription discs of the broadcasting stations, where some future Carl Sandburg will find rich material. But let him beware; it is not all there, and never can be. For the hopes and dreams and regrets of human beings are never fully spoken. And perhaps only those who have lived through such a moment can know how it felt.

But the unborn historians who will write about our time can find significance in the fact that so many of us thought immediately of Lincoln, who also died with strange suddenness at the close of an agonizing war (though a few days *after* the end, instead of just before). That was just 80 years ago, in mid-April, and we know from Walt Whitman that the lilacs were blooming in doorways then, as they were again last week. We were not thinking so much about these similarities, however. Nor were we trying to compare and contrast the two men, weighing them against each other to see if they were equally "great." It was just that in our hearts we felt the same way about them. It was the kind of sudden intuition that creates history, when it runs through all the people.

Historians, most of them, don't like to experience this feeling themselves. They distrust it, and with good reason, for they must deal in facts. They don't mind analyzing it, and they are delighted with their own ingenuity when they discover it, deep down under accumulated reasoning of the past. In that way it becomes a fact.

Future historians will discover the birth of this fact, so far as Roosevelt is concerned, in us. And they will find reasons for it, reasons which might surprise us, if we could read them. They may discover, for instance, that Roosevelt really was indispensable—that his example as a robust fighter who never quit until he died was just what we needed in our own greatest fight. And that he spoke for and embodied the hopes of so many millions of people in these recent years that he couldn't be exchanged for someone who did not represent those hopes. Or that, even if many little things might have been done better if he had been defeated or retired from office, the big things could not have been done as well.

They may even conclude (and we certainly won't vouch for this!) that his third and fourth terms were no more the result of personal ambition than they were of a Constitution which puts no limit on a President's terms, and thereby makes him an active politician under any and all circumstances.

One thing they are almost certain to find, and that is this: that all of Roosevelt's mistakes and fumbles, all of the exasperating things he did out of sheer "Dutch" stubbornness, all of the politics he played, often deviously (but no more so than Lincoln!), all of these do not weigh very much when put against the historical fact that after twelve years of Roosevelt's Presidency the American people were at the highest peak of unity and success and power that they had ever attained.

From the point of view of these historians who have not yet begun to have a point of view because they do not yet exist, the death of Roosevelt may prove to be the "luckiest" that has ever come to a President. It was not the work of an assassin, like Lincoln's; there was no blood on the moon, no explosion of sectional and political hate such as ripped the country on April 12, 1865. His death seemed to make the country feel more united than ever. His work as a progressive President was long since complete and the New Deal was an established institution. The people were free from fear, as he had asked them to be in 1933. World War II was brilliantly won, though not finished, and the squabbles and bickerings of the peace settlement which killed Wilson had not begun in earnest. Yet he had laid a complete foundation for world security, and had enlisted the support of Congress, the people, and all the decent nations as fully as any one man could conceivably have done.

F. D. R.

These are some of the facts which future historians may discover and write about Franklin Roosevelt, who died on April 12, 1945, at Warm Springs, Georgia.

And yet none of them will see him as we have seen him. I remember especially one night at Hyde Park, when he was silhouetted against a starry sky as he made his own way up the ramp into his railroad car. It was a hot night in summer, and thousands of little moths were dashing themselves at the station lights. A couple of men with fishing rods strolled over from the river bank and joined our group of villagers and Secret Service men and reporters. The crippled man who was President of the United States had pushed away assistance and was pulling himself up the ramp by two handrails, carrying his entire weight with powerful surging motions of his shoulders and elbows. We were all so quiet, watching him, that we could hear the gasps of breath when he twisted, first to the right and drag a leg, then to the left and drag the other. The strain was terrible, on us and on him. But it struck me then that I had never seen a man who looked so strong and sure of himself in action. He was going up and not even the dead half of his own body could stop him. In the two or three minutes that it took to reach the top he fought and won a stiffer battle than most men have to face in their whole lifetime. Then he turned and grinned a triumphant grin over one shoulder, but he did not wave because he was still holding the rails in two clenched fists. A couple of people shouted "Hurray," or something like that, and someone said "Boy, that's wonderful!" But, like all the history that will be written some day, that fell far short of expressing the way we felt.

**SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 577)**

HENRY DAVID THOREAU:
*WALDEN*

What at such a time are histories, chronologies, traditions, and all written revelations? The brooks sing carols and glees to the spring; the symbol of perpetual youth, the grass blade, . . . streams from the sod into the summer.



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Strictly Personal

## THE ROOSEVELTS

EDITOR'S NOTE: *This is the third and concluding article in a series of "previews" from Mr. Ernst's book, "The Best Is Yet," to be published next week by Harpers. Mr. Ernst's appraisal is based on a long, intimate friendship, during which he kept up a weekly correspondence with Mr. Roosevelt. The reader is asked to bear in mind that this evaluation of the President was written six months ago.*

MUCH of the past fifteen years of my life has been colored and enriched by Franklin and Eleanor Roosevelt. I confess that whenever I have been with either I came away feeling that life can be made good for all people. As Margaret says to Roosevelt-haters—a species bitter and unpersuadable: "We pity you. You are missing so much—living in these days without affection for the President and Mrs. R."

Not the least of my great good fortune has been my opportunities to add in minor untitled ways to the Roosevelt stream—a stream, rich and exciting. The President's pursuit for our nation has been varied in dimensions and in pace. Its direction has been constant, enriching ever-wider fields and touching ever-great numbers of our people. Being without public responsibility, never holding an elective mandate, I have at times thought the pace too slow, but on looking back I am unable to find a single Roosevelt objective which the people, or any political party, would cancel or deny. Financially secure, the President approaches aggregation of wealth without the latent envies or the bitterness which is the habit of ordinary reformers, most of whom have never had the feel of a checkbook. Not Hoover, Landon, Willkie, nor Dewey—the four counterspokesmen of the nation—has ever fallen into the folly of attacking the F.D.R. program now firmly embedded in our folkway and articulated by legislation. The President's objectives have convenient tags and initials— SEC, NLRB, AAA, etc. In their living reality they touch cheating of security buyers, rights of workers to choose their leaders, pensions for the aged, relief for those who are excluded from work, through no fault of their own, and such a myriad of human needs as to represent the single greatest era in our nation's social growth.

In its essence, this program deals with power—the balances of power. To many it seemed violent and paced too fast. I suggest that increased pace was made necessary by the social lag of the Harding-Hoover-Coolidge era. President Roosevelt saw that a buyer of a share of stock had no power to use judgment against organized concealment of truth. He knew that few men and women had the power to save enough to live an old age in freedom from want. He sensed the power of employers operating against unorganized workers in a market place full of surplus, hungry people.

I have often pondered the source of this Rooseveltian appraisal of undue power. It became clear to me one bright afternoon at Hyde Park. I crashed a party through Connie, my daughter, who had been working on the 1940 Roosevelt broadcasts—and more particularly the election eve program which, at least to a proud father, seemed to touch new spiritual fibers in our body politic. I recall that the next day—even though election day—I happened to be at my desk. The phone rang. The President on the phone. He didn't want to talk to me. He called to tell Connie how much he had enjoyed the broadcast.

AT Hyde Park, I came to the conclusion that the extra something —that last bit of spice—which really distinguishes him—stems from his infirmity. Out of that calamity he has accepted life—including his handicap. Vile lies about his illness, circulated with peculiar volume and venom every four years, fail to embitter him. His finger tips touched the scythe, his eyes must have seen the river. Compassion and understanding took the place of hate. Man can be gayer and more objective to the extent that he has suffered or neared death. At times my friends have complained that F.D.R. hated too little and too few. Whether asset or not, it is the fact. I can think of only two people whom the President has deeply disparaged for years.

He is no proletarian in the revolutionary use of the term. But with a feeling of kinship with the small shopkeepers of his district, Hyde Park, he felt intuitively the dangers of giants—a danger which Louis D. Brandeis discerned only after years of research. Like Brandeis he never resents power which rests on imagination or work

**The Hobbyist**

habits. Power for power's sake is the evil force to be opposed. Thus he fought the Stock Exchange, the utility tycoons, the National Association of Manufacturers, with a twinkle in his eye, because he knew that Richard Whitney, H. C. Hopson, and Samuel Insull were just a little ridiculous in the United States of the 1930's. As a lawyer, he early agreed with old Judge Holmes that "the true grounds of decision are considerations of policy and of social advantage, and it is vain to suppose that solutions can be attained merely by logic and the general propositions of law which nobody disputes."

Leaders of the Bar disparage Roosevelt the lawyer, but I suggest that the Roosevelt prognosis of the constitutionality of minimum wage, child labor legislation, TVA, the Utility Holding Act, and all his legislation was better advice for clients to follow than the panicked protests of unconstitutionality uttered by most of the leading lawyers of the land. He guessed the Supreme Court wrong on NRA, the mechanism used by the giants to negate the antitrust laws.

But if I am right in my feeling that his objectives are quite free from criticism, if it is true that he operated within the frames of our constitution —a fluid instrument, to be sure— critics then shift to their final plea that the President is less than a good executive. This is no place to debate that issue—for which I have never seen a bill of particulars. But when all the evidence is in I probably would rely on Quentin Reynolds's answer when returning from distant battlefields and confronted with grumblings as to breakdown of our government: "Somebody did a hell of a job back here. Somebody did a hell of a job. Could it have been F.D.R.?"

Franklin Roosevelt has been accused inconsistently of being both a dictator and a weakling. He is neither. His



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

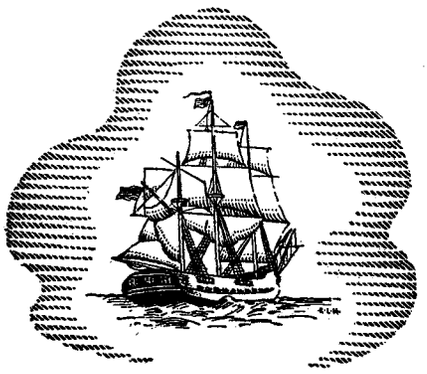
glands deny the former; his zest for life the latter.

This zest has caused gaps in some of his relationships. Essentially humorless people like Robert Moses and John L. Lewis never could meet the Roosevelt mind, a mind which picks other brains by jests, by quips, by needling. Since F.D.R. is less than laconic or taciturn, it is not easy to guage how he learns so much from others. To him every query is a challenge to a mental joust.

Eleanor Roosevelt is essential to Franklin Roosevelt, entirely apart from her own generous and substantial contribution to our way of life. As a roving reporter she is used as a foil by the man in the chair. She stands up to him—no meager chore, for he is the most agile of all our social engineers. Knowing her slants and predilections, he can discount as he sees fit. But stand up she does, as few of the liberal adventurous people around the President have been willing to do. I know that he likes best those who are tough with him, although this judgment of mine is not easy to prove against the record of Henry Wallace, Sumner Welles, and Milo Perkins—temporarily outside the immediate circle. As to these great public servants, I suggest that history might write each episode in terms of choice of immediate desires. Who can be sure that the resignation of Mr. Hull would have been less of a loss in terms of attaining international agreement than the resignation of Welles?

In an inconsequential way I've been on the slugger side. Too often those who have deplored as a weakness of F.D.R. his letting down of a Henderson or other devoted public servant were the very snipers who brought them to earth. Some of those who cried the most bitter crocodile tears at Wallace's defeat in Chicago were pitching for some other candidate for Vice President up to the last moment of the final ballot.

In the main, the President is a softie only in the sense that he hates to fire anyone. Kicking upstairs, promoting, changing titles—nearly anything rather than discharge an honest, selfless, devoted public servant. It's a tender fault, not too costly, and due above all to the usually divided and confused liberal support for the President against the demands of the press and reactionaries for someone's hide.

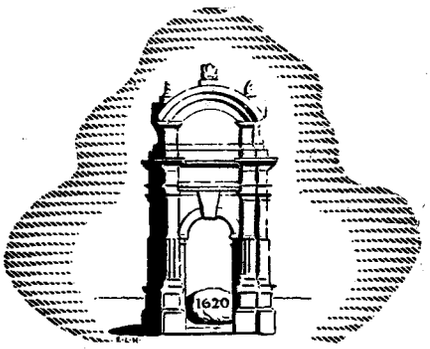


OF course I'm prejudiced. My judgment may play me a trick because I have seen that great man pull victory gaily out of despair; compromise, if that's the word, in his fight for greater democracy at home in order not to imperil international democracy. I have never met anyone who, having left the President, is not amazed at his agility of mind and his grasp of the boring details of the daily operation of our government. It may be that too much of his energy is consumed by details, but even that conclusion can only survive against proof of his desertion of larger problems, proof which I fail to see in any indictment. The answer might be in his excess energy. Like Mrs. R., he wastes no energy on indecision or regret, the two greatest consumers of human libido. He is comfortable with himself. He can sleep at night—a capacity essential for survival in these less than calm days. He can wait, have patience, pick his moments. As a skipper of small sailboats he must have learned that to stop going forward is to go backward. He knows that unless you move ahead you soon find yourself clawing off a lee shore. He can be casual in a calm or in a blow—knowing that life never depends on the isolated choice of a single moment. Moments and choices are seldom isolated in time or effect. This sense of timing irritates both his impatient friends and all his enemies eagerly ready to pounce on premature moves. His daily immobility must have increased his sense of the nearness of distance and his feeling of the historic flow of years.

After I have explored the President's programs, faced his easy charm, I still find myself most impressed by his ability to pore over millions of words of reports each year, reports from each and every little bureau and agency of our too-big government. Among these who live life as an adventure, few develop the craftsmanship needed to cope with day-by-day decisions. It's too easy to dismiss a dream with a generality, although without the solution of the implements of the dream it easily becomes a nightmare.

If I had my choice as to one book which should be compulsory reading for all our people, it would be the debates of the Constitutional Convention—May to September 1787. Thirteen little nations, after a war fought on a vague united nations basis, faced all the difficulties of today in working out an international relationship, desirable in peace.

And as I reread those debates of




1787 I have concluded that Franklin Roosevelt combines within himself the most desirable attributes of James Madison and of Benjamin Franklin, without whom, and for very different reasons, we would not have organized our nation.

Benjamin Franklin acquired his breadth of approach, his disarming gaiety, from the security of old age. Living could do nothing more to him—or hurt or harm. F.D.R. learned all this in that split second at Campobello, Maine, in August, 1921.

When I reread the record of the Convention, June 28, 1787, I can think of no other American save F.D.R. who would have chosen the path old Ben used to hold the Convention together and assure us a nation. The last great Setting Sun speech of gay loquacious Ben, declaring faith in our future, might still find its counterpart over the air waves of the entire world as a warming fireplace chat of F.D.R.

And as I relive 1787—my favorite period of history—I see James Madison, not officially the secretary of the Convention, nevertheless sitting under the dais on which George Washington presided, taking down with a quill pen every word spoken during those four trying months of secret meetings. It was Madison who checked every detail, every plan, every proposal, every word. No comma was unimportant. Unconvivial, serious to the point of early remoteness from his fellow men, Madison had resorted to digging into the interstices of government. F.D.R. in his bed and in his chair has relaxed with blueprints of the management of democratic society as if they were the architectural scale drawings of some building he has seen in a dream.

We are lucky people to have had a Benjamin Franklin-James Madison merger in F.D.R. And as for luck, I am sure no one credits more to the phantom than F.D.R. himself. I doubt if he ever forgets that in his first campaign for governor of New York in 1928, a now unknown Republican running against him would have been elected by a shift of 12,783 votes. That shift might have shifted history.

MORRIS ERNST.



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Review
of Literature
EDITORIAL BOARD
Norman Cousins
Editor
Henry Seidel Canby
Chairman, Editorial Board
Amy Loveman
William Rose Benét
John Mason Brown
Associate Editors
Bennett Cerf
Harrison Smith
Contributing Editors
Published by The Saturday Review Associates, Inc., Harrison Smith, President
Contents Copyrighted, 1945, by The Saturday Review Associates, Inc.

## F.D.R.

THIS is no passing sorrow. Its dimensions are bottomless; its meaning takes on added fulness with each succeeding day. The sense of shock and disbelief gives way to a deep and permeating sense of loss. It is as though a piece of the future had slipped away and part of ourselves with it.

The vastness of the tragedy, coinciding with the end of the struggle in Europe, has produced a tremendous orchestration of human emotion. For the writer or historian, the story has the stuff of epics. And just as the tragedy of Lincoln inspired a teeming and ever-growing literature on his life and his times, so in the months and years ahead will there be a continuing and expanding fascination in the Roosevelt story.

* * *

The first time we saw him was in October, 1937, at a press conference in the White House. The room was tightly packed with newsmen, and we prowled around the edge of the crowd, trying to get a full view of the man behind the desk. The President had just come back from Chicago, fresh from his now-historic "quarantine-of-aggressors" speech.

The air was tense; not since the last war had a President been so outspoken in criticizing nations with which we maintained diplomatic relations. What gave the speech its bristling, challenging quality was that it came at a time when pacifist, anti-World War I sentiment was at its height. Correspondents pressed close to the desk and kept up a rapid fire of questions.

Finally, at the left side of the room, we were able to find a vantage point which gave us a full, clear view of the President. We shall never forget him as we saw him then. He was tanned, robust, electric with life. We remember thinking that we had never seen a healthier-looking human being. We remember thinking, too, that we had never seen a more magnificent head. His face was alert, strong, compassionate. He had an eager, expectant look that every now and then would dissolve into a smile or laugh that would win back a smile or laugh from every person in the room.

The White House press conference was the greatest show in Washington and everyone knew it, including the President. Many newshawks would come heavily armed with concealed bear traps which were carefully baited with seemingly innocent questions. But they were up against the most agile bear you ever saw. It was wonderful to see the way he would jump in, snatch the bait, and jump out again, swinging the trap around so neatly that the man who baited it would frequently find himself inside. It was a game that everyone enjoyed playing, most of all the President. You could tell, too, that these seasoned old warhorses of the Washington press corps loved and respected Mr. Big, even though many of them were constantly prodded by the front office to find some way of putting him on the spot. They loved and respected him because he looked, acted, and spoke the part. They would say that you could see him for the first time, and without knowing anything about him, say to yourself, "That man looks as the President of the United States must look."

There was also the look of greatness. It was inevitable. Anyone who could come back out of retirement, after having been afflicted with a dreadful disease that shrank his limbs and made it impossible for him to walk unaided, would be great for that reason alone. You could see his braces where they entered his shoes, huge pieces of steel that seemed to reach inside you as well and make it hard for you to swallow. It did things to you because 130,000,000 people were leaning on this man and the weight, if anything, was making him stronger and bigger.

But within a few years, history itself was to lean heavily on him. We didn't see him again until early in 1944, and it was only a passing glimpse. It was still the same magnificent head. You could read the hopes of millions of people all over the world in his eyes and in the lift of his chin. But you could see other things as well. The rugged youthfulness was gone. He had lived lifetimes. His face was lined with a thousand lines and each line told a story. You could see American boys dying in far-off places, you could see the homeless and the wretched and the damned everywhere, you could see the unutterable tragedy of a bleeding world.

All this you could see and more. You could see the certainty of victory, you could see the grand designs for a family of nations, you could see the flickers of world citizenship. There was anguish and faith in that face, compassion and affirmation, suffering and courage. It was this mixture of profound pain and promise, this supreme symphony of emotion, that seemed to symbolize the man as well as the age.

When he died, something deep died in each of us. No one can ever define it, but it was there and we knew it when it was gone. But when he died, something strong was born in each of us as well. No one can define it either, but we know it has something to do with the obligation—even more than the inspiration—to make good.

N. C.

**At a press conference in 1937: "the biggest show in Washington."**



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

## Early Churchilliana

SIR: By the intermediation of a friend and the services of the Old Authors Farm, that spirited rural bookstore near Morrisburg, Ontario—its catalogue says, "You will find a vague odor of new mown hay in our First Editions"—I have a copy of the very rare "Savrola," Mr. Churchill's politico-romantic novel (written in 1897).

You may be interested in young Mr. Churchill's description (he was twenty-three when he wrote it) of the library of "a public man."

> . . . The floor, in spite of the ample waste-paper basket, was littered with scraps. The walls were covered with shelves, filled with well-used volumes. The philosophy of Schopenhauer divided Kant from Hegel, who jostled the "Memoirs of St. Simon" and the latest French novel; "Rasselas" and "La Curée" lay side by side; eight substantial volumes of Gibbon's famous "History" were not perhaps inappropriately prolonged by a fine edition of the "Decameron"; the "Origin of Species" rested by the side of a black-letter Bible; "The Republic" maintained an equilibrium with "Vanity Fair" and the "History of European Morals." A volume of Macaulay's Essays lay on the writing-table itself; it was open, and at that sublime passage whereby the genius of one man has immortalized the genius of another was marked in pencil. . . .
>
> A half-empty box of cigarettes stood on a small table near a low leathern armchair, and by its side lay a heavy army-revolver, against the barrel of which the ashes of many cigarettes had been removed. In the corner of the room stood a small but exquisite Capitoline Venus, the cold chastity of its color reproaching the allurements of its form . . . it was the chamber of a man who appreciated all earthly pleasures, appraised them at their proper worth, enjoyed, and despised them.

One surmises that "Savrola" (not a shaving soap, but the name of Mr. Churchill's hero) was written side by side with his "Malakand Field Force," the preface of which is dated from Cavalry Barracks, Bangalore, 30 December, 1897. There are interesting parallels in the two books.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

Roslyn Heights, N. Y.

## Philosophical Deleterianism

SIR: I hope *The Saturday Review* will not permit May 15 to pass without commemorating the 100th anniversary of the birth of Matthew Alcock, founder of Philosophical Deleterianism.

In 1897, one of the most significant and important movements in this or any other country came to an end. Founded in the Reconstruction Period after the Civil War by Matthew Alcock, it expressed the inner convictions of Abraham Lincoln. The creed of Philosophical Deleterianism swept through the most intelligent of the thinkers in simple rural communities in the Middle West and South. It was the stagnation of the late 1880's that brought it for a time to a close. Its influence on Henry George and Edward Bellamy is obvious. Today it is beginning to rise again in the more remote hills and valleys of our country. To become a philosophical deleterianist gives a man who is doubtful of conflicting modern creeds a sure refuge and hope for the future. A monument to its creator will be placed on a peak above the Blue Ridge Mountains. The funds are coming in slowly, most of them supplied by my aunt, who at the age of eighty, still remembers her friendship with our Founder. It is in the interests of this growing and splendid cause that I write. I will be glad to furnish you with literature if you want it.

OSWALD SMITHERS.

Glen Hollow, Ga.

## Protest Against Modern Poetry

SIR: You gave some samples of modern poetry in your issue of last week. I wonder if you would now like to reproduce a little poem written by my wife when she was six and published in the school annual:

*The world is big and round and fat*
*it always seems to me*
*and there is so much to look at*
*that I don't know what to see.*

Having been partially educated myself (Pembroke College, Cambridge; Tours, Leipzig, and Florence), I can see the beauty and the meaning of the verse quoted above, but what is known as modern poetry is Greek to me (though I had a sound grounding in the humanities). I still find early Doric and Ionic far more intelligible, and Chaucer and Walter von der Vogelweide make easy reading in comparison with what goes for poetry nowadays.

It is distressing that even a periodical of the very high quality of *The Yale Review* should have fallen for this mumbo-jumbo, in the writing and reading of which would-be intellectuals seek to pull themselves up by their boot-straps. Just so in the Middle East, men of learning gain fame by being unintelligible to their audiences and even to themselves.

M. G. HARRIS.

New York, N. Y.

## "Dean of Modern U. S. Poets"

SIR: How could Mr. Robert Hillyer in his bombastic article, "Modern Poetry *vs.* the Common Reader" (*SRL*, March 24), have forgotten the grandiose, the immense, and the most sensefUL "poems" of the dean of modern U. S. poets—the one, the only—Ogden Nash, when he stated that A. E. Housman was "the only recent poet not under suspicion?" We O. Nashites are abashed!—to say the least!

H. REESE FULLER.

San Diego, Calif.

## Philosopher's Guide

SIR:

Need a throttle?—Aristotle.
Hope to lure us?—Epicurus.
Like heroics?—Turn to Stoics.
Bored with dry wits?—Take up Leibnitz.
Cure for heart throbs?—Cultivate Hobbes.
See God darkly?—Study Berkeley.
Want a new slant?—Immanuel Kant.
Mope and glower?—Schopenhauer.
Does freedom thrill?—John Stuart Mill.
Semantics nurse?—See Charles S. Peirce.
Want a tussle?—Clarify Russell.
Tired of hooey?—Try John Dewey.

FRANCES B. HARMON.

Scarborough, N. Y.



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

## *A tempestuous tale of American life in a New York state town during the 1850's, by*

# TAYLOR CALDWELL

*author of "The Final Hour," etc.*

# *The Wide House*

A full-bodied, eventful, story; a dramatic portrayal of turbulent years in American history; a portrait gallery of vital, hot-blooded characters; a central theme that is as pertinent today as it was almost a century ago. $3.00

**SCRIBNER BOOKS**

### VOYAGE OF THE GOLDEN HIND

*By*

**EDMUND GILLIGAN**

"Another salty tale of the trawlers who brave the elements . . A tale of beauty and violence told by a man who knows the sea and all its moods."—*Los Angeles Times* $2.50

### MR. TUTT FINDS A WAY

*By*

**ARTHUR TRAIN**

The full story of the famous lawsuit over Mr. Tutt's autobiography "Yankee Lawyer" and a delightful new batch of exciting Tutt stories. $2.50

### THE PHILADELPHIA MURDER STORY

*A New Col. Primrose Mystery*

*By*

**LESLIE FORD**

"Leslie Ford wins our medal-of-the-month for this top-drawer story. Smashing mystery on a foundation essentially funny. Don't miss is right."—*Will Cuppy, N. Y. Herald Tribune* $2.00

### QUIT FOR THE NEXT

*By Lieut.*

**ANTHONY MARCH, U.S.A.**

An "exciting and moving" novel of the American retreat down Luzon before the advancing Japs—"as straightforward as an Ernie Pyle battle-piece."—*New York Times.* $2.50

### THOUGH THEY GO WANDERING

*By*

**NONA COXHEAD**

A penetrating and pungent story of the "dark forest of marriage" as experienced by a group of dwellers in an exclusive Connecticut suburb. $2.50

### NO LIGHT CAME ON

*By*

**ALICE CAMPBELL**

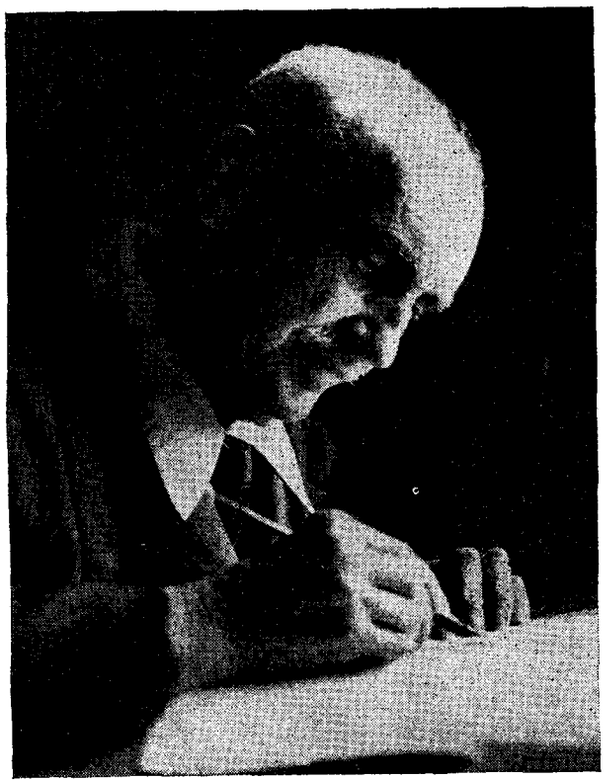
An exciting story of murder and intrigue in Pre-War Paris with a young American girl as the frequently imperiled heroine. $2.00

**CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS** — ***AT ALL BOOKSTORES***




PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

## *The wise, intimate and superbly written self-revelation of a great philosopher and man-of-letters*



# *The Middle Span*

*"Persons and Places," Continued*

*By*

## GEORGE SANTAYANA

With the same sensitivity, penetration and beauty of style that distinguished "Persons and Places" George Santayana here carries his account of his life from 1889 up to the close of his professional career at Harvard. It sheds new light on notable men and women of the time, especially in those pages dealing with Santayana's Harvard years, and every chapter is infused with wisdom, ironic humor, and vivid portrayals of personalities and places.

$2.50

**SCRIBNER BOOKS**

### MY QUEST FOR FREEDOM

*By*

**JOHN M. MECKLIN**

The distinguished Emeritus Professor of Philosophy and Social Ethics at Dartmouth, here records an "intellectual pilgrimage" that will appeal to every reader interested in liberal ideas and in the vigorous, heartening companionship of a civilized mind. $2.75

### GOOD-BYE PROUD WORLD

*By*

**MARGARET EMERSON BAILEY**

It reads like a novel—this autobiography of the childhood and college years of a Rhode Island rebel of the early 1900's; the courageous, penetrating and revealing record of a strong, likeable personality. $3.00

### COME BACK ON TUESDAY

*By*

**RUTH HUNTER**

The story of the "little people" of the stage. "Ruth Hunter writes down the whole heartbreaking business with such gusto and such yen for the theatre that you say: 'There's what it takes to make good.'"—*Harry Hansen, New York World Telegram* $2.50

### PAINTING AND PAINTERS

***How to Look at Pictures: from Giotto to Chagall***

*By*

**LIONELLO VENTURI**

"Anyone who reads it will understand painting better, and will get a great deal more out of looking at fine pictures."—*Gilbert Chase, Book-of-the-Month Club News* $3.50

### HIGH JOURNEY

*By*

**CARLETON PUTNAM**

The President of Chicago and Southern Air Lines here writes a stirring saga of the new frontier of the air—and of how he rediscovered an early American dream and brought it to reality. Here is a personal narrative packed with adventure, a dramatic record of business achievement; a timely and invigorating message for postwar years. $2.75

### AMERICAN CHRONICLE

*By*

**RAY STANNARD BAKER**

***(David Grayson)***

"He has a great deal to tell that has never been told before. Some of it is sensational, much prophetic, and all timely now. One of the important books of the year."—*N. Y. Sun* $3.50

***AT ALL BOOKSTORES***

**CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS**




PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# TRADE Winds

**IN THE PAST TWO YEARS,** the officers and crews of American submarines have performed some of the most dangerous, hair-raising, and heroic actions of the entire war. Three or four of the best correspondents in America (Bob Casey, for instance) have written the sagas of a few of these American submarines, but, for some reason or other, the authorities in Washington have never released these manuscripts for publication. I am sure they have good reasons for their action, but, to an uninitiated bystander like myself, it has seemed pretty darn unfair to see every other branch of the services glorified and highlighted in book form while an impenetrable blanket of silence has covered the submarine division.

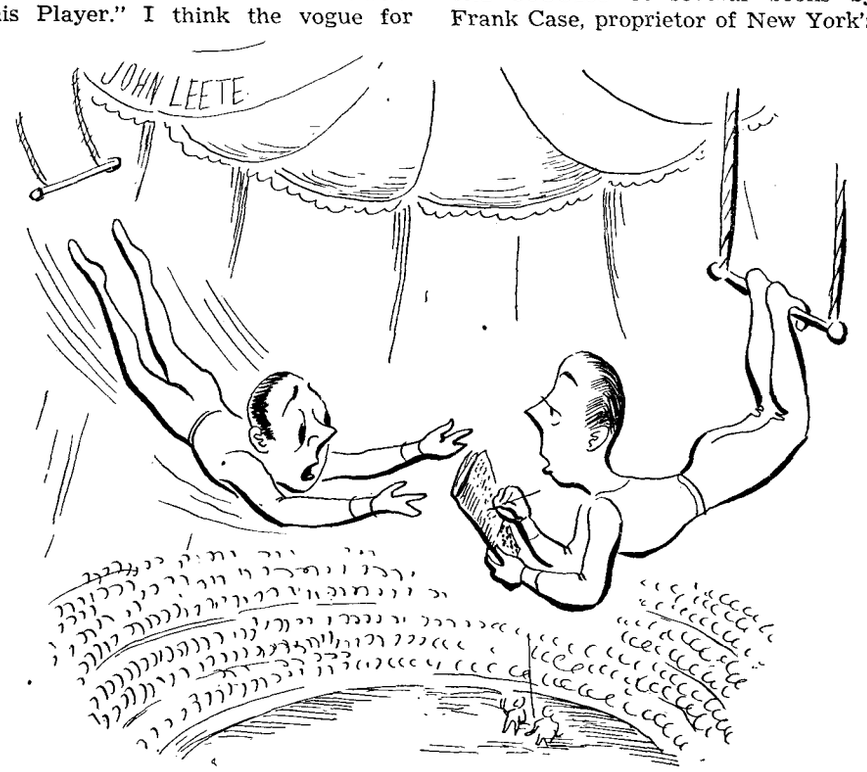
Well, if they won't let us have a story now of American submarines in action, I suppose the next best thing is to read about the exploits of one of the subs of a respected ally. Cecil Carnes has told the adventures of *H.M.S. Seraph,* commanded by Lieut. Jewell, in "Secret Mission Submarine." It was aboard this baby submarine that Mark Clark and other high-ranking officers went to North Africa for the secret rendezvous that facilitated the American invasion some time later. The *Seraph* also took General Giraud from France to Africa when he made his spectacular escape from the Nazis (how long ago that all seems!).

It's an exciting story, but American readers may resent the brush-off given to the exploits of our own fleet. For instance, Carnes quotes Lieut. Jewell as saying, "Now our submarines are back in the Far East, operating in conjunction with the Dutch; they are seeking and sinking the big ships so precious to Japan, and preparing for the more widespread and intensive operations sure to come as the curtain goes up on the last act of this great global drama. When the word is given they will play a leading part in the Eastern theatre of war." Not a word about America! That seems pretty snide to me, in light of the fact that the U. S. Navy has done fully ninety-five per cent of the fighting in Pacific waters to date, and done it magnificently too. Carnes explains that he purposely avoided quoting Lieut. Jewell's enthusiastic comments on the United States fleet for fear of running into the same censorship snarls in Washington that have bogged down other manuscripts concerning submarine warfare. That simply accentuates the fact that it's high time the public be allowed to read a book that details the wonderful job our American subs have performed in this war. In view of the current progress of the Japanese campaign any further delay can scarcely be attributed to "reasons of security." . . .

**FAR ABOVE** the average of the flood of so-called "humorous" books which has descended upon us of late is Morton Thompson's "Joe the Wounded Tennis Player." Thompson is highly regarded as a columnist in Hollywood; his book probably will bring him national syndication. (It already has brought him a bride. Fran Pindyck, high-powered agent in the Leland Hayward office, admired her client's work, met him to discuss publishing plans, married him shortly thereafter.) . . . Virgil Partch's pictures contribute to the gaiety of Mr. Thompson's book, but Robert Benchley's introductory note, I'm afraid, does not. The great Benchley rarely misses, but this sounds like something he jotted down on the back of an old envelope while riding to the studio on an overcrowded bus; you can almost *hear* him muttering "Mort is a prince of good fellows but damn, damn, why did I promise to do an introduction for his confounded book!" . . . Don't ask me why this book is named "Joe the Wounded Tennis Player." I think the vogue for slapping utterly meaningless titles on books is waning. For me it definitely waned about ten minutes before it ever began. . . . Thompson's book contains not only an assortment of the freshest and most amusing anecdotes of the season, but it begins a job on over-inflated columnists that I suspect will be continued, in spades, in his next. . . .

**A CHARACTERISTIC STORY** from "Joe the Wounded Tennis Player" concerns a stuffy and humorless young Englishman who worked at the Disney studio. Every day he bought a can of fruit at the corner grocery, pried it open with a glittering gimmick that he kept in his desk, and munched the contents noisily and in solitary grandeur. One day his co-workers invaded the grocery and laboriously changed the labels on every can in the place. From then on the Englishman's life became very complicated indeed. He bought a can of peaches; they turned out to be baked beans. "Sliced pineapple" was the label on another can that mysteriously contained sardines. Finally, when he bagged a mess of chow mein instead of preserved plums, he was persuaded to send the details of the phenomenon to Ripley. He mailed his carefully annotated document one noon, and, on the way back to the Disney lot, purchased a can of Bartlett pears. Everybody watched him pry it open. There wasn't a pear in it. There was, however, a neatly typed note. It read, "I don't believe a damned word of it. Signed, Robert Ripley." . . .

**THE SUCCESS** of several books by Frank Case, proprietor of New York's




**"I've just got one more definition to fill in on my Double-Crostic."**



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WORLD WAR III
Quit or Die—German Ultimatum
EXTRA
Journal-American
EXTRA
GIANT ROCKET ATTACK
RAZING NEW YORK CITY
Jam Roads As Millions Flee City
Ford Plant Smashed In Detroit
BULLETIN!
THE GERMAN GOVERNMENT SENT AN ULTIMATUM TO THE AMERICAN GOVERNMENT AT 3 A.M. DEMANDING UNCONDITIONAL SURRENDER WITHIN 48 HOURS. THE MESSAGE DECLARED THAT EVERY LARGE CITY IN THE UNITED STATES WILL BE LEVELED IN A MATTER OF HOURS. THE BOMBARDMENT WILL BE KEPT UP UNTIL ACCEPTANCE OF TERMS IS RECEIVED.
150,000 Killed in 15 Minutes Here

**A publicity stunt that was killed.**

Algonquin Hotel, has prompted a half dozen publishers to dangle contracts in front of cherubic Walter Jacobs, another Boniface with an equally inexhaustible fund of memories. Jacobs is so busy with his tony Lake Tarleton Club in New Hampshire in summer and the Lord Tarleton in Miami Beach in winter, however, that he has turned a deaf ear to all proposals. . . . Abel Green claims it was Jacobs who first told the customer complaining about a fly in his soup, "It's just force of habit, sir. Our chef used to be a tailor." . . . A few winters ago, Sinclair Lewis, Walter Winchell, Al Jolson, Abel Green, and Chico Marx all occupied rooms on the same floor of the Tarleton. The other guests gave up their cabanas and congregated in the lobby to watch the celebrities go in and out. . . . Jacobs's son took sick one night and a pompous Miami specialist was summoned. "Sonny boy," he began (in deference to Jolson), "we have been stuffing too much candy into our little tummy. We will have to diet." "Aw shucks," said the precocious youngster. "What color?" . . . One week in January, Jacobs threw open his club in New Hampshire for Governor Al Smith and a score of his intimates. The nearest Catholic church was some twenty miles away, and, on Sunday, the Governor and two other devout Catholics in the party had to get up at four in order to be on time for six o'clock mass. It was pitch black outside and about thirty degrees below zero. The Governor bundled himself up in four heavy sweaters, took a wistful look at other members of his party sleeping peacefully, and said as he braced himself to face the cold, "Wouldn't it be awful if it turned out that they were right and we Catholics were wrong!" . . . Jacobs has been offered the job of manager of a new forty-story Manhattan hotel to be erected after the war. If he takes it, he plans to open a luncheon room modeled on the old Cheshire Cheese that will cater particularly to authors and publishers. ("On a cash basis," he adds hastily.) . . .

**WHEN PAUL GALLICO** contributed a story about the possible use of super-rockets in World War Three to *Cosmopolitan*, Paul MacNamara, the demon promoter, dreamed up a publicity stunt that probably would have caused a greater riot than Orson Welles's Martian radio broadcast if cooler-headed Hearst executives hadn't nipped his plan in the bud. Mac had a couple of hundred fake front pages of the *Journal-American* run off, and planned to drop them in subway cars, restaurants, and bars. One of the pages is reproduced herewith. You can figure for yourself what might have happened if they had been allowed to circulate! . . .

**AT A RECENT** *SRL* Wednesday luncheon, Gwethalyn Graham, author of that fine novel, "Earth and High Heaven," Jake Wilk, of Warner Brothers, and several other visitors became involved in a heated discussion of ways and means to preserve domestic well-being and tranquility. Jack Cominsky, of the *SRL*, boasted of the system he had invented. "Fifteen years ago, when my wife and I were married," he said, "we worked out a plan that seemed fair to both of us. Really important decisions were to be left to me. Small, every-day decisions, that affected only the smooth running of the house, were left entirely to my wife." "And did your system work out?" prodded Amy Loveman. "It certainly did," said Cominsky. "There hasn't been a single hitch in the entire fifteen years. Of course," he added thoughtfully, "no really important decision has come up as yet."

BENNETT CERF.

## ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

1. Yancey Cravat. 2. Bingo Little. 3. Philip Carey. 4. Dan McGrew. 5. Dorian Gray. 6. William Dobbin. 7. John Snell. 8. Mycroft Holmes. 9. Nancy Lammeter. 10. Silver Blaze.


"From where I sit"

ON our Crime Club jackets are several symbols which are intended to give the reader a quick, graphic appraisal of what sort of book he may be about to buy. The symbol for **The Deadly Dove** by RUFUS KING is a laughing skull which means Humor and Homicide. In this lively story there is plenty of both, and it reminds me somewhat of *Arsenic and Old Lace*. The editor of the Crime Club, who takes to roast purloin of cadaver like a duck to a shooting gallery, thinks that this new twist to an old story could be written in several ways. One would be the "Chess Puzzle" approach with all possible tricks played; another would be the "Character and Atmosphere" approach with all emotional stops pulled out. But then she decides she likes the way RUFUS KING did it best of all.

It seems that *Redbook Magazine*, which ran a shortened version of the story, had some pubicity stunt cooked up where carrier pigeons would take notes in little capsules to important New York businessmen, notes telling them about the book. But they gave it up. Maybe they thought it was too sophomoric. Maybe there weren't any carrier pigeon trainers in 4F. Or maybe all the reserve corps of pigeons were spending Easter vacation on St. Patrick's. *Redbook* should have contacted me. There are any number of well-upholstered pigeons out my window here. They had a tough winter, but spring is here and they're puffing up fine. I do think *Redbook* had a point in calling off the stunt. One of the pigeons flew over my window sill the other day, cocked a lavender-lidded eye at me and said in a low bassoon, "Oh look at the goon!"

I turned quickly back to my typewriter and added a paragraph about **The Deadly Dove.** I wrote that it would be fun these spring evenings to crawl into bed, to stretch a tired limb out where the blankets used to be, and turn the pages of RUFUS KING'S latest thriller. Engulfed in its fascinating parade of characters, you would glance suspiciously at your wife as she crawled into bed cigaretteless. And then, just as she was trailing off into slumber, you would chortle a high chortle. And **The Deadly Dove** would prove to be a well spent evening, I wrote.

paul

DOUBLEDAY, DORAN




PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Seeing Things

## SALUTING COLONEL BLIMP

WHO said it, I do not now recall. It ought to have been Shaw. It may have been. Any irreverence, shocking only because it contains its uncomfortable percentage of truth, sounds like Mr. Shaw.

Who said it, I suppose, does not really matter. Certain truths are as free as air. Like the air, they need only to be inhaled by one person to be claimed. Anyone could have stumbled upon this particular truth; anyone, since the first of history's warriors to win a battle with one plan tried years later to defeat another enemy with the same plan.

In any case, the line runs, "The hardest thing on earth to do is to get an idea into a soldier's head. The next hardest thing is to get it out."

Soldiers' heads raise problems at once universal and peculiar. Only Pallas Athena sprang fully armed from Zeus's brow. This means that even military men must have shared the common fate and been young—once. With them, as with all men, the impressionable years are the ones in which their thinking is formed. It is here, however, that the thinking of military men is conditioned by peculiar problems.

The chief threat to practising their profession is peace. By the world's blessed good fortune, peace occupies a larger place on history's calendar than is given over to wars. Hence military men do not face the frequent mental challenges and professional readjustments with which most mortals are confronted. They are apt to fill their leisure years by repeating, at drills or on maneuvers, the pattern of their busy ones.

The major trouble with military men, as they grow older, is apt to be not that they cannot learn, but that occasionally they refuse to forget. The battles of their youth are the battles they keep on fighting. They fight them not only in their conversations at their officers' clubs, where between wars they storm the same redoubt again and again with ever-increasing valor. Sometimes they continue to fight them even when the next war comes along. Sometimes they keep on fighting them even when faced with an enemy who may be different, merely because he no longer employs the same weapons or fights as he once did.

There are Tories in tactics no less than in politics. They are always considerably to the right of the dead center. Their rightness is their wrongness. They are right for *what was,* but wrong for *what is* or *may be.* This is what makes them dangerous. This is why, for the sake of their country's security, so many of them have to be discarded when the next war breaks out. To their credit, be it said that, though they are professional soldiers who have performed their signal services, they are human enough to have only one war in them. One war is all the wars that most men are able to fight, even when they are fighting a later one.

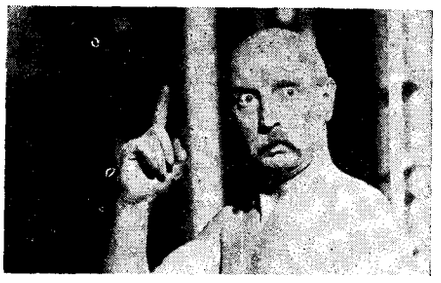
The character above all others who, both before and during the present conflict, has symbolized military ossification is Colonel Blimp. If he has become the archetype of military conservatives, it is because he has been as British as only Britain and David Low could have made him.

Colonel Blimp is the Tory to end all Tories. He is England's cherished invitation to laughter at what was laughable in the pre-Singapore, pre-Dunkerque English mind. Even before the war, in the dark days of appeasement, he had been accepted as the perfect symbol of reactionary thought on matters political no less than military. As such a symbol, in Low's brilliant and unsparing cartoons the Colonel has been called out of what should have been his retirement to serve his country once again. He has served it this time by being a ridiculous example of what not to be. This is why he has served it so well.

In Low's drawings Colonel Blimp is always looking back. Although not turned into a pillar of salt because of this act, he has been punished for it. He has grown into a human walrus. When it comes to drooping mustaches, he outdoes Bruce Bairnsfather's Ole Bill. Unquestionably the Colonel knew Ole Bill in the last war. After all, he commanded him. Since Versailles, however, the Colonel is a soldier who has spent more time sweating it out in the Turkish baths of his clubs than on the field of honor. His mind has been on inactive duty. Hence his militant refusal to keep up with the changed world in which he has found himself and to understand this still more savage war.

Although laughed at, the Colonel is as well beloved by Britishers as is the pop-eyed old roué who in this country

**Blimp as a young soldier.**



**As Colonel Blimp.**

serves *Esquire* as its trademark. I mention "Eskie" in connection with the Colonel only because I am forced to do so by the American press agents who have handled the British-made film called "The Life and Death of Colonel Blimp."*

Obviously they have confused the two old gentlemen. Obviously they have been misled by their mustaches into thinking that "Eskie" and the Colonel must have seen the same kind of service. For box office reasons, these press agents have tried to pretend that Blimp was an ogling lecher. In their advertisements they have depicted him as a British "Daddy" Browning with his heart set on an orchard of Peaches. In so doing, they have established a new record for vulgarity and misrepresentation. Surely no fine motion picture has ever been subjected to stupider publicity.

If "The Life and Death of Colonel Blimp" happily is not what its American press agents would have us believe, neither is it the film that Low's cartoons might have led us to expect. Instead, it is a soldier's biography, keyed much more to the mood of "Good-bye, Mr. Chips" than to satire.

Its Colonel Blimp, now christened Clive Candy, is a well-meaning British officer. Although none too bright, he is at all times courageous. His is the old soldier's tragedy of finding himself outmoded; of discovering that the code of chivalry upon which he was brought up no longer exists. He is a Tory gentleman in uniform who is tempted to feel that it is better to surrender his country than his code. He prefers at first to go down gallantly

**THE LIFE AND DEATH OF COLONEL BLIMP, with Roger Livesey, Deborah Kerr, and Anton Walbrook. Written, produced, and directed by Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger. An Archers Production. Made in London. Released through United Artists. At the Gotham.*



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THEATRE GUILD PRODUCTIONS
The Musical Hit
OKLAHOMA!
Based on Lynn Riggs' "Green Grow the Lilacs"
Music by Richard Rodgers – Book & Lyrics by Oscar Hammerstein 2nd – Directed by Rouben Mamoulian – Dances by Agnes de Mille
Harry Stockwell • Joseph Buloff • Evelyn Wyckoff • Ruth Weston
St. James Thea. W. 44. Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

Tallulah
BANKHEAD
in PHILIP BARRY'S
FOOLISH NOTION
HENRY HULL • DONALD COOK
Directed by JOHN C. WILSON
Martin Beck Thea. W. 45. Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

NEW YORK — Morosco Theatre
ELLIOTT NUGENT • BETTY FIELD • AUDREY CHRISTIE
ALFRED de LIAGRE, Jr., presents
the Voice of the Turtle
by JOHN VAN DRUTEN
K. T. STEVENS • HUGH MARLOWE • BETTY LAWFORD
CHICAGO — Selwyn Theatre

"Theatre at its best . . . hailed with joy and admiration." Guernsey Jr., Her.Trib.
Eddie Dowling & Louis J. Singer present
LAURETTE TAYLOR • EDDIE DOWLING
in THE GLASS MENAGERIE
A new play by TENNESSEE WILLIAMS
with JULIE HAYDON & ANTHONY ROSS
PLAYHOUSE West 48 St.
Eves. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40

Have YOU seen them in
LIFE WITH FATHER?
EMPIRE THEATRE, B'way at 40th St.

BROCK PEMBERTON presents
Frank Fay in "Harvey"
A New Comedy by MARY CHASE
with JOSEPHINE HULL
Directed by ANTOINETTE PERRY

rather than to defend gallantry by stooping to fight Hitler on his own terms.

Even when he has been retired from the Army because of his hopelessly old-fashioned views, and has done an excellent job reorganizing the Home Guard, Candy cannot keep pace with the needs of modern warfare. To him warfare remains the Boer War. He never understands the Blitzkrieg. But when proven wrong in his defense of London during Home Guard maneuvers, he is gallant enough to salute the young officer who has outwitted him.

The film, which cavalcades his career, never minimizes either the dangers or the deficiencies of Candy's type of mind. It does, however, explain his limitations in terms of his past. It does this with a smiling tenderness foreign to Low's cartoons.

In some of the movie's best shots, we follow the young Candy to the Berlin of 1902. There he becomes involved in a duel and in an unhappy romance. Of the German officer, picked at random from a Uhlan Regiment to fight him, Candy makes one of his best friends. Their friendship is interrupted by the last war. It is resumed in this one when, as a patriot unable to tolerate Hitler, the German has sought refuge in a beleaguered England. It is he who tries in vain to explain to Candy not only what Nazism means, but the military methods needed to combat it.

Although "The Life and Death of Colonel Blimp" may be as leisurely as only a British film can be, it is as absorbing as few films are. Its Technicolor is admirable; its direction unfailingly sensitive; and Roger Livesey's Colonel Blimp a performance of incredible skill. In the presence of such a picture, one is forced to wonder why so few of our films have the sustained taste, intelligence, and artistry of the best British movies. The simple truth is that "The Life and Death of Colonel Blimp" has all the Hollywood virtues and almost none of the Hollywood faults.

JOHN MASON BROWN.

Richard Rodgers & Oscar Hammerstein 2d present
MADY CHRISTIANS • OSCAR HOMOLKA
in JOHN van DRUTEN'S
I REMEMBER MAMA
from Kathryn Forbes' 'Mama's Bank Account'
with JOAN TETZEL
MUSIC BOX, W. 45th St. • Matinees Thurs. & Sat.

NEW YORK'S NO. 1 MUSICAL HIT!
ON THE TOWN
ADELPHI, 54 St. E. of B'y. Evgs. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

THE LATE GEORGE APLEY
MAX GORDON presents
By JOHN P. MARQUAND & GEO. S. KAUFMAN
with LEO G. CARROLL
Janet BEECHER Percy WARAM Margaret DALE
LYCEUM THEA. 45th St. E. of B'way. CH 4-4256
Evgs. 8:40 Mats. WED. & SAT. at 2:40

"A SMASH HIT... a distinguished play." —MARCH OF TIME
Soldier's Wife
Rose Franken's Comedy
with Martha SCOTT • Myron McCORMICK
GOLDEN Theatre, West 45th St.

KATHARINE CORNELL BRIAN AHERNE
The BARRETTS of WIMPOLE STREET
with McKay MORRIS • Brenda FORBES
BARRYMORE, W. 47 St. Evgs. 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

LELAND HAYWARD presents
FREDRIC MARCH in
A Bell for Adano
by PAUL OSBORN
Based on JOHN HERSEY'S Novel
with MARGO
Directed by H. C. POTTER
CORT Thea., W. 48th St. Evgs. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

SCREEN

TALLULAH BANKHEAD • CHARLES COBURN
ANNE BAXTER • WILLIAM EYTHE
ERNST LUBITSCH'S
A ROYAL SCANDAL
Directed by OTTO PREMINGER
20th Century-Fox Picture
ON STAGE:
HAZEL SCOTT JACKIE MILES DICK BROWN
Special! THE HARTMANS
ROXY DOORS OPEN 10 A.M.

"Colonel Blimp" in Technicolor!
Brandt's GOTHAM B'way & 47th Street
Doors Open 8:30 A.M.



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"A love story to see and remember"—*Tribune*

GINGER ROGERS
JOSEPH COTTEN
SHIRLEY TEMPLE

A SELZNICK INTERNATIONAL PICTURE
Released Thru United Artists

"I'LL BE SEEING YOU"

IN PERSON
Swing and Sway with
SAMMY KAYE
AND HIS ORCHESTRA

World's Greatest Spanish Gypsy Dancers
ROSARIO and ANTONIO

*Extra Added Attraction*
PAUL WINCHELL
with JERRY MAHONEY

CAPITOL
B'way at 51 St. · Doors Open 9 A.M.

*HER NAME BECAME A NATION'S BATTLE-CRY!*
You'll never forget "ZOYA"
*Original Score by Shostakovich*
*English Text by Howard Fast*
CONT. 9 A.M. DAILY STANLEY 7th AVE. bet. 42 & 41 ST.

— *BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS* —

**Writing For Publication Is Not Easy . . . .**

Experience and knowledge and perseverance are needed to gain success in writing. These can't be learned in a few easy lessons. But there is a direct way to get help in mastering the fine points of writing. THE WRITER publishes each month articles of advice and inspiration by leading authors and editors, who give hints from their own experience on how to write and sell.

Also in THE WRITER are complete and up-to-date manuscript market lists which will help you find the most profitable and likely markets for your writing. The lists are complete with names of editors and addresses, latest needs of each market, and rates of payment.

**Coming in future issues:** *Outstanding articles by Louis Paul, Alice Lent Covert, August Derleth, Robert Fontaine, Anthony Abbott, Hilda Lawrence, Elizabeth Seifert, Betty Bauer.*

Take advantage of our SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER
5 Months of THE WRITER for $1.00
(Regular rate $3.00 a year)
Send a dollar for your introductory subscription today.

THE WRITER
8 Arlington Street Boston 16, Mass.

# Backwash of War

*THE SMALL BACK ROOM. By Nigel Balchin. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.* 1945. 216 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by N. L. ROTHMAN

THERE are a lot of small back rooms in England where anonymous-looking men in sack suits finger endless blue-prints, fuss with every possible model of fuse and gear and motor, examine every suggested mechanical idea. They try out the new guns, they analyze the fragments of what the Germans have dropped. They become themselves enmeshed in administrative squabbles, and work stubbornly, often bitterly, often forgetting why, against the official lag. There is a good story here, and I think Nigel Balchin has done beautifully with it, getting that desperate wrangling atmosphere of inconspicuous routine work done in the backwash of war, and the flash of heroism that comes now and again to light it up and place it in focus.

One such central incident is told here with a remarkable mounting effect. The Germans have been dropping some small and unidentifiable objects in quantity—unidentifiable because they seem to explode upon touch, even upon approach, so that no one has ever survived to describe one. Sam Rice, who works in one of these research outfits, comes upon this matter, which is really upon the fringe of his duties, and presses closer to it by a series of steps. One child lived long enough to call it a cylinder, one man managed to tell of a tick in it, and then two fall and are discovered before they are touched; a cordon is placed about them. The climax is a tense and sweating attempt to get the detonating mechanism out of the cylinders. Two cylinders, two chances. One man works on one, talking all the while over the telephone, and is blown up Then Rice gets to work on the second, and Balchin writes his best fifteen pages on that.

Strangely enough, the book does not depend for its quality upon the sheer physical qualities of this incident, which would have been quite enough to make the story. Long before this cylinder job has gotten under way, we have become involved with Sam Rice as a character, with his aluminum foot, his bitter, disillusioned sense of duty, his personal pessimism, the girl Susan whom he loves in an unbelieving sort of way, the men he works with at the office, good fellows, sly politicians, windbags, efficient mechanics, the varieties of public servant. For style, for tension, for reality, this is a fresh and striking book about the war.

LIPPINCOTT
*Spring* LEADERS

**FASHION IS OUR BUSINESS**
*By Beryl Williams*

This exciting and informing career book consists of informal interviews with twelve leading American fashion designers. Through true stories of their training, background and achievement, it gives practical ideas for entering the great world of fashion designing, and on the making and wearing of good clothes.

*Illustrated with photographs of the designers and of a costume designed by each.* $2.00

**BIRTHDAY OF A NATION: JULY 4, 1776**
*By Frances Rogers and Alice Beard*

A historical story of America in the years leading up to the signing of the Declaration of Independence. Its accurate details and vivid recapturing of the spirit of the times make it a fascinating story for Americans today. BIRTHDAY OF A NATION contains living portraits of the great men of those days. *With an index and a list of dates.*

*Illus. • A Stokes Book* • $2.00

**FIRST WHISPER OF "THE WIND IN THE WILLOWS"**
*By Kenneth Grahame*
*Edited with an introduction by Elspeth Grahame*

"Just the title of this little book will stir in many hearts the determination to put a copy straightway on the bookshelf . . . It contains, besides a long introduction by Mrs. Grahame full of intimate information, the letters to his little son on which the story was based . . . All in all, it is a book not to be missed by any lover of children's literature —or of children."—May Lamberton Becker in *N. Y. Herald Tribune Book Review.* 2nd Printing. $1.50

AT ALL BOOKSTORES

*SEND FOR A FREE COPY* of the Lippincott Catalogue of BOOKS *for* BOYS *and* GIRLS, SPRING 1945

J. B. LIPPINCOTT CO.
East Washington Sq., Philadelphia 5, Pa.



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Providence Story

*GOOD-BYE PROUD WORLD. By Margaret Emerson Bailey. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.* 1945. 408 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by
KATHARINE SCHERMAN ROSIN

A LADY who, I realize with something of a shock, is almost exactly the age of my mother, has written the story of her life from six to twenty-four or so. I say it is a shock, because Margaret Emerson Bailey is writing about a life and about people who still, in the early 1900's, thought they were living in Queen Victoria's glorious days. My

mother led much the same sort of life I did up to the age of twenty-four, and I am quite sure she didn't struggle to escape the kind of world Miss Bailey found herself mired in, although she too was brought up in New England. Miss Bailey was born in Providence, the daughter of a botany professor at Brown who loved botany and people much more than he loved money. The family always struggled to get along. Meg's mother taught kindergarten in the parlor, Meg drew charts of chicken embryos to get through Bryn Mawr, and the "right" people looked askance at Meg's beautifully stitched home-made dresses.

Providence was, in the years before the last war, a kind of feeble, attenuated Boston. The stern old strain was dying out there, but its death throes were frightening to behold. Widowed ladies lived in shadowed stillness behind their formal gardens; their pale, careful sons placed white roses at their breakfast plates each morning. Meg's family was "odd," but the Baileys and the Simmonses, older generation, had been wealthy, so the strange, impractical botanist and his gay, laughing wife who actually worked for money, and their sensitive, over-intellectual, sharp-tongued daughter were accepted eccentrics. Isadora Duncan was a horrible and shocking spectacle to the ladies of Providence, and no one had ever heard of Eugene Debs and Emma Goldman. Meg was given a chance to marry almost any dashing young officer at West Point that she chose. She nearly became engaged to the feeble scion of one of Providence's

"...the first considerable American work of art to come out of the war."
—CLIFTON FADIMAN

**By GLENWAY WESCOTT**

Author of *The Grandmothers* and *Goodbye, Wisconsin*

**Apartment in Athens**

**A. C. SPECTORSKY, *Chicago Sun*:** "It is, in its conception and profundity, a postwar book; it is also a fine and lasting work of art. It may be remembered, 20 years hence, as the finest book whose roots were in World War II."

**DOROTHY PARKER, *PM*:** "... what he has to say will stay said. His new novel, sharply different from his earlier books, seems to me the best of all the fine work he has done."

*A Book-of-the-Month Club Selection* • $2.50

"If enough such books are written, if enough millions of people read them, maybe, someday, there will be a greater understanding and a more true democracy."
—ORVILLE PRESCOTT, *N. Y. Times*

**By RICHARD WRIGHT**

Author of *Native Son*

**Black Boy**

**HOWARD MUMFORD JONES, *Saturday Review of Literature*:** "... a deeply disturbing document in race relations ... whether you read *Black Boy* as a novel, an autobiography, or a case study ... read him you must."

**HAMILTON BASSO, *New Yorker*:** "... one of the most revealing documents I have read in a long time ... truth runs through his book like a charge of electricity; reading it is not unlike taking hold of a high-tension wire."

*A Book-of-the-Month Club Selection* • $2.50

*At all bookstores*

HARPER & BROTHER • 49 East 33rd Street, N. Y. 16



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# CAN YOU ANSWER these 4 questions?

● **DO YOU KNOW THE REAL BASIS OF THE FIGHT BETWEEN JESSE JONES AND HENRY WALLACE?**

*Aladdin's Lamp* shows the great paradox of a Hamiltonian economy operating within a Jeffersonian frame. The history of the Hamilton-Jefferson conflict over the national debt; Jackson's battle against banker Biddle; Lincoln's greenbacks and Wall Street's triumph over Bryan; these facts are the background for the struggle in Washington between Hamiltonians like Jones and Jeffersonians like Wallace.

● **DO YOU KNOW DEMOCRACY'S ANSWER TO COMMUNISM AND FASCISM?**

*Aladdin's Lamp* is a book about the Left-Right Conflict and the Third Resolvent Factor. It tells how the Gestapo enforced Nazi finance; how the Soviet *Prombank* just misses being revolutionary; how Democracy can fulfill its destiny with a new resolvent force to end artificial scarcity.

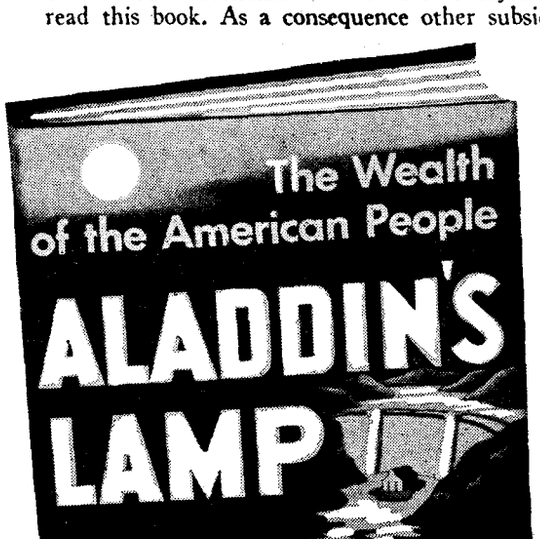
● **IS "FULL EMPLOYMENT" POSSIBLE? DESIRABLE? NECESSARY?**

Munson answers, *No;* because power production steadily reduces the size of the labor-force needed to satisfy real demand. As technology advances, employment inevitably recedes. *Full enjoyment,* not full employment should be our concern.

● **CAN A "WORLD BANK" BRING ABOUT INTERNATIONAL COOPERATION?**

Bretton Woods is supposed to represent a compromise between the view of British (Keynes) and American (White) economists. Actually, both schools build on the same fundamental error, the theory that production automatically finances consumption with no deficiency of money. *Both neglect the rates of flow of prices and of incomes.* Munson shows how to close the price-income gap by making credit-money serve the needs of the consumers.

***THIS BOOK*** probes the assumptions usually taken for granted in most economic discussions. It demonstrates that we cannot cure the world's ills by applying more and more of the old panaceas. Many of the questions that remained in your mind *after* you had read and studied the orthodox economists. will become crystal clear when you have read this book. As a consequence other subsidiary questions, such as race prejudice, the "inevitability" of wars, the relation between political and economic statesmanship will fall into their true perspective.




*By*
**GORHAM MUNSON**

Frontispiece in color, four diagrams
420 pages Index
*At all bookstores*
**$3.75**

**CREATIVE AGE PRESS, 11 E. 44th St., New York 17, N. Y.**


wealthiest families. But she wanted fresh air. Bryn Mawr gave her a taste of women's freedom; two years of graduate work at Chicago pulled her entirely out of line with her background. Her deep friendship with another of Providence's misfits convinced her finally that she couldn't become one of the fainting ladies in the cool, dark parlors infested with Victorian "nooks." She was one of the orange newts her father showed her in childhood as one of Nature's examples of lack of protective coloration.

All this is fascinating. However, I shall go against the usual critic's dictum which says that it is wrong to fictionalize a biography, or even an autobiography. I think Miss Bailey should have written her story as a novel. In writing so intimately about herself and her family she comes awfully close to what her Providence ladies would consider not quite good taste. She, as Our Heroine, takes herself awfully seriously, and there is more than a little conceited arrogance in her scorn of the people with whom she grew up. A novelized account would have made her readers forgive, to some extent, her intolerant attitude and her holier-than-thou sureness. Even a little humor injected into the non-fiction might have redeemed this annoying little girl. The too intellectual, scornful, bitter heroine arouses antagonism in the reader. One wonders how the ladies of Providence could stand her at all, instead of agreeing with her that it was a struggle to be able to stand them. As a picture of a dying society the book is fine. As an autobiography it is infuriating.

### Fraser Young's Literary Crypt: No. 96

*A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer to No. 96 will be found in the next issue.*

ADBCH EFKGFJA HCKLGBFZ

XDWFC MWBGKNA HBJOA, BJP

PWAHWCBXFKJ, RNCT,

RCBJXFL FJPFOJBXFKJ,

PWHXD KR HBFJ, BJP DWFODX

KR HBAAFKJ. —PCTPWJ.

*Answer to Literary Crypt No. 95*

KNOW YE THE LAND WHERE THE CYPRESS AND MYRTLE ARE EMBLEMS OF DEEDS THAT ARE DONE IN THEIR CLIME?
—BYRON—BRIDE OF ABYDOS.



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Study in Tolerance

*ONE GOD. By Florence Mary Fitch. New York: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co.* 1945. 144 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by GRAHAM BATES

ALTHOUGH this book, which is subtitled "The Ways We Worship God," was designed for young people it states its simple story of the three great religions in America with such clarity and understanding that it will prove rewarding to anyone interested in the various forms in which man expresses his conviction of some power greater than himself. Today, with intolerance demonstrating its destructive strength, its brutal and deforming nature, it is good to come upon a book like this, sane, kindly, and reverent towards the reverence of others.

Beginning with the oldest of the sects, Dr. Fitch outlines the Jewish way of life, starting with the brief history of the origin and early manifestations, and coming on down to the present time to tell of the Sabbath, of Jewish religion in the home, of the lullabies the Jewish baby hears, of the Bar Mitzvah and other ceremonies, and something of the differences between the reformed and orthodox branches of Judaism. Any Catholic or Protestant child who has read or heard Dr. Fitch's story will find it hard to believe whispered insinuations or to repeat derisive names against the great people who follow the Jewish religion.

The Catholic way is next—the Church, the home, the Mass, the Holy Communion, something of the life the nuns and monks lead, confession, festivals. The Jewish boy or the Protestant girl who reads this will know what is meant by the Roman Catholic way of life no matter what neighborhood or school yard hearsay is.

And lastly, the Protestant way, beginning with an explanation of the ideas and ideals that separate the Protestants from the older church, discussing various denominations, describing the simpler rituals and again showing informally the religious life in the home. Catholic and Jewish children will find here the likenesses and differences in relation to their own religion.

In each of these stories there is an intimacy and warmth that bring a sense of the quiet personal realities of these religions to the readers, however young. The different sections are kept short and clear and each one leads with interest to the next. A wide public for this interpretive work would be a step toward understanding and tolerance.

A distinguished novel of early New England
by a brilliant new novelist

**A MOMENT OF TIME**

by Sydney R. McLean

"At times this unaffected, smooth-flowing story reaches an intensity that is breath-taking . . . Seldom is craftsmanship so happily wedded to sincerity as in *A Moment of Time.* This is the author's first novel —but it ranks as one of the important literary events of the year." —*Liberty*

". . . the life story of Submit Ellery, from her sixth birthday in 1774 to the day she is 70 in 1838. Dr. McLean presents her as an utterly beguiling little girl, as a strong and beautiful young woman, as lonely and almost desolate in her middle years, and finding comfort and even joy in her old age . . . There is a warmth and reality to the story that holds and charms the reader."—*Springfield Republican*

". . . her story takes on an exciting quality because—in every hour of crisis or moment of decision—she is likely to disregard the injunction of her given name . . . Submit's goodness is not evangelical; it is homely and healing. And so is *A Moment of Time.*" —*N. Y. Herald Tribune*

". . . it is the portrait of an unconfused mind that was never bamboozled by sulphurous gabble about hell's fire, never beaten by tragedy (even at the death of her best loved daughter), never dulled by incessant labor."—*N. Y. Post*

". . . clear, admirable and terse prose, with remarkable paucity of adjectives, and a pure sense of language values. This is a first novel of great promise."—*Springfield Union*

"Miss McLean has a sharp sense of dramatic values and her book is alive with memorable moments..."—*Chicago Daily News.* $2.50

*At all bookstores*

**G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS**
**2 West 45th Street, New York 19**




PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Spring 1945

WHAT of enduring value will come out of the young people's spring books, as this reviewer has seen them, is debatable. A few good stories for the older boys and girls certainly. Almost certainly a few good picture books. Everyone who turns deliberately each spring to Mole's housecleaning and Ratty's invitation to join him on the River will add to their own private collection "The First Whispers. . . ." Everyone who is concerned with the problems and perplexities of the war years will want to read and pass on "Sandy" and "The Moved-Outers." Two more of their distinguished picture books are promised by Roy Publishers, and in the meantime no one, young or old, can afford to miss the pictures made by the Russian children. It is especially satisfying in the spring to have *unexpected* things. This little book that came in so quietly is all the more welcome because we would never dream that it could be made and printed so well. There are other books waiting to be reviewed in the May number of Books for Young People which will be, as this is, a taste of the good things that have been provided for Spring, 1945. MARY GOULD DAVIS.

## TRUE PICTURE OF CHINA

*TWO LANDS FOR MING. By Stanley Hong Chin and Virginia Fowler. Illustrated by Stanley Chin. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.* 1945. 248 *pp.* $2.

THIS is the story of the boys of the Poy Gee School and of life in the village of Shew Ton in southeast China. It is especially the story of Kwok Ming who has a slightly different heritage from his cousins and his friends for he, because his parents were born in America, is an American. Kwok Ming's life is no different from that of the other boys. He enjoys the New Year festivities and helps with them, he marvels at the changes made in school by the new teacher with his modern ideas, he joins the Boy Scouts, enters his own handiwork in the school fair, thrills over the Dragon Boat races. Kwok Ming's ideas of the vastness of the world begin to take shape when he visits his older brother in Canton and spends a summer with relatives in Foochow. And then comes the news that he is to go to America with brother Kwok Kang. He has no sooner begun to get used to his school in San Francisco and to strange American ways than war in China becomes a reality and Kwok Ming, longing to be of some service to China even in this faraway country, discovers that with his talent for drawing he can help America understand his other land.

Much of this story is doubtless autobiographical. The author is a young Chinese artist, born in Kwangtung Province and now serving in the American Army, who told this story to his collaborator. The background is absolutely authentic. In fact, so careful are the authors to include every descriptive detail, particularly of village festivals, that the book proclaims its purpose; to make China better known and understood by Americans in presenting a true picture of Chinese life and customs in village and city through the eyes of a typical Chinese boy. The story is subordinated to the background, but because of the fascination of China and her customs and traditions to many people this does not detract from the interest and charm of the book. It does mean, however, that it is more likely to be used for supplementary school reading than enjoyed as a story. It is interesting to note that it is exclusively the China of a Chinese *boy*. Not a single girl appears in its pages except for a brief casual mention of the eldest brother's bride. The book is written sincerely and with integrity, completely lacking in the condescension often found in similar attempts to portray the customs of other countries. The black and white sketches by the author-artist add their own authentic and delightful interpretation.

RUTH A. HILL.

*—From "The Wind in the Willows."*

## A MASTER'S EARLY WORK

*FIRST WHISPERS OF "THE WIND IN THE WILLOWS." By Kenneth Grahame. Edited, with an Introduction, by Elspeth Grahame. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.* 1945. 94 *pp.* $1.50.

THIS is an enchanting little book. It begins with a revealing sketch of Kenneth Grahame and of the childhood of Alastair, his only son, who died in early manhood. Mouse, as they called him, was the "listener" into whose eager ears the first story of Rat and Mole, of Badger and Mr. Toad were poured. The miniature of him reproduced here shows the charm that every word quoted from him only confirms. In tolerance, in humor, and in instinctive wisdom he must have been a worthy son of a great father. There are here, too, tributes to that father from people who knew him as a man and admired him as a writer. Chief among them is an appreciation by Clayton Hamilton written for the American *Bookman* for January, 1933. Kenneth Grahame died on July 6, 1932. In the dialogue between them that Clayton Hamilton quotes are revealed the reasons why there are only three books from this master of English prose, and why those three were written for children. Approached once



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

by "a lady agent for an American firm of publishers" with a request that he "write anything on any subject at any price" Kenneth Grahame answered that he had nothing ready and that he regarded himself "not as a pump, but as a spring." This may well be one of the most significant things ever said about writing for children.

Following the introduction is a story written for a small magazine published by Mouse and his friends when they were very young indeed. It is called "Bertie's Escapade," and only the author of "The Wind in the Willows" could have written it. Bertie was the Grahame's black pig. In spite of his weight, which was highly satisfactory, he jumped the pen one night just before Christmas and went off with two rabbits to sing carols under Mr. Stone's window. The rabbits, Benjie and Peter, were timid about raising their voices, but Bertie sang lustily. The result was that Mr. Stone set the dogs on them. Their escape down the elevator run by the skeptical and laconic mole is perfect in every phrase, every word. The adventure ends happily in Bertie's pen where they all, including the mole, feast on dainties that Bertie takes from Mr. Grahame's pantry. "I know where Mr. Grahame keeps his keys," says Bertie. "Very careless man, Mr. Grahame. Put your trust in me and you shall have cold chicken, tongue, pressed beef, jellies, trifle *and* champagne, at least. You may have more, but that's the least you'll have." Mr. Grahame's dreams were very much disturbed. In fact, they were practically nightmares! The next morning Bertie and the two rabbits refused to get up and the condition of Bertie's pen was disgraceful! This tale, which must *not* be kept from the children even if the book itself is not intended for them, is followed by the letters that Kenneth Grahame wrote to Mouse when he was vacationing at the seaside. Mouse loved the sea, but he would not go unless his father promised to send on by mail a continuation of the adventures of Mole and Rat. Here they are, just as they were written to a small boy who waited so eagerly for the mailman. If you know "The Wind in the Willows" you will recognize every word, but there is a curious thrill in reading them as they appear in the light of that rare and beautiful understanding between father and son. In the closing sentence of his tribute Clayton Hamilton says of the day of Kenneth Grahame's death:

"And yet it is a truth that on that day the translators of the King James version of the Bible, seated at an eternal council table, admitted to their fellowship that last great master of English prose, and that Great Britain lost the loveliest of her living souls."

M. G. D.

*—From "Two Lands for Ming."*

## A YOUNG REFORMER

*MATTHEW THE YOUNG KING. By Janusz Korczak. Adapted from the Polish by Edith and Sydney Sulkin. Illustrated by Irena Lorentowicz. New York: Roy Publishers.* 1945. 256 *pp.* $2.50.

THE brightly colored jacket of this book suggests a rollicking Polish folk-tale as do the full page decorations in black and white and the spirited decorative chapter headings by Irena Lorentowicz. Is it because of these exciting but rather misleading illustrations that one cannot warm up to this story in which a little prince, Matthew, suddenly becomes king and introduces various reforms in his land? In an attempt to introduce democracy he even lets the children rule themselves. Matthew has many talks with cabinet ministers and with another little boy, Philip, through which he learns what constitutes a law or a reform. There are at times satirical references to etiquette, theories of government are expressed, and problems of present-day occupied countries are touched upon. All through the book the adventures of Matthew, which might be the adventures of any boy in his position, are linked with serious problems which, though cleverly brought in by the author, make a certain discrepancy between childhood adventures and questions which only mature minds could grasp. Irony and satire are, we know, not understood by children. Did young people, when they adopted "Gulliver's Travels" and saved it from oblivion, not purge it from its long discussions and make it into a real adventure story?

In its major portions the story of Matthew is not likely to appeal to American children; but adults will turn to it for the heroic record of Dr. Korczak's work with the children of Poland.

BLANCHE WEBER SHAFFER.

## "WHAT WE ARE DOING"

*LITTLE PEOPLE IN A BIG COUNTRY. Story by Norma Cohn. Pictures by Children of Soviet Russia. New York: Oxford University Press.* 1945. 33 *pp.* $1.50.

THE text of this little book is a running comment in clear, simple sentences on Russia and on the children who made the pictures. The pictures are pure, unalloyed delight, both in their form and color and in their record of Soviet Russia as the children see it today. At first glance they remind one of the early Italian painters. There is the same lack of perspective, the same figures "in one dimension," the same intricate detail of delicate, lovely trees, of arches and walls, the same richness of color. As you look more closely you realize that they are a vivid panorama of the valley of Uzbekistan, of the people, the gardens, the shepherds and their flocks, the streets, and markets. Yulik Labas, aged nine, departs from Uzbekistan and shows us the bombing of his native city in the west of Russia and the battle of Stalingrad. One of the most beautiful of the pictures is the one which shows the children carrying the salvaged scrap metal through the streets of Uzbekistan. American children, well used to carrying scrap through the streets of our cities, will wonder at the colorful background shown here. It will make them long to go to this beautiful valley and see it for themselves. A ten-year-old girl paints an outdoor moving picture show with realistic, familiar details. But in the forefront of her painting is a group of figures that might have come out of the "Arabian Nights"—they are just the citizens of Uzbekistan.

At a time when so many of the art treasures of the world are being destroyed, these works of art made by the very young citizens of one of our Allies have a very special value. They seem to point the way to a future that will be rich in opportunity and adventure. The children of Russia say: "See, this is what we are doing." What will the children of America say in answer?

The reproduction of these pictures is excellent. In fact, the book is a treasure to book lovers as well as to the children. May it have a long and prosperous life not only in America but in all the countries of the Allied Nations.

M. G. D.



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

## A TRAGIC EXPERIMENT

*THE MOVED-OUTERS. By Florence Crannall Means. Illustrated by Helen Blair. Boston: Houghton Mifflin.* 1945. 154 *pp.* $2.

AGAIN Mrs. Means has told us a convincing story of a group of Americans of another racial origin. It is vital because she has not only drawn material directly from our national life, but has the ability to see people first as human beings and, on that fundamental basis, to build reactions due to race, education, or background.

Sue and Kim Ohara, as integrally American as any other boy or girl in their California high school, nevertheless are aware that everyone has his "shadow," that they will have to learn to accept their special one when school days are over and they must face the world. But when the story begins they are secure, happy, popular at school, and loved and understood at home.

Then came the bombing of Pearl Harbor and the many changes that followed that disaster. For Sue and Kim were Japanese—Japanese in race only, for their home life, their education, friends, church activities were typically small-town American. There were heartbreaks for them all when their father was interned simply because his innocence of pro-Japanese

—*From "Matthew, the Young King."*

activities had to be proved, when they had to give up their home, leave their friends, the college scholarships, and their bright hopes for the future and join the other evacuees. Of all the Oharas the adjustment was hardest for Kim who lacked Sue's stability and his mother's philosophy. His idealistic loyalty to America and his hot young enthusiasm for democracy received a shocking blow.

Against the background of life in an American concentration camp the people are faithfully and sympathetically portrayed, from the pathetic boy who tried to disguise his Japanese features and coloring and the Issei who have not accepted American ways to the highly educated and often delicately reared professional men's families who nevertheless accepted uncomplainingly the roughly simple ways of camp life.

This is not only an interesting and moving story of attractive young people who courageously faced complete upheaval of their ordered, happy lives. It is, too, an accurate and very human record of one of our country's most tragic experiments.

RUTH A. HILL.


"Her best book, beautifully written, profoundly moving, yet restrained." *Howard Pease, The Horn Book*

FLORENCE CRANNELL MEANS'

THE MOVED-OUTERS

The provocative story of a Japanese-American boy and girl on the West Coast, of their search, even behind barbed wire, for happiness and renewed faith in democracy—"The book is a human document, one that belongs to our picture of democracy in the United States, the democracy which is not finished but still in the making." *Clara E. Breed, The Horn Book*

Illustrated by Helen Blair. Ages 14 up

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY · PUBLISHERS At all bookstores, $2.00


## A STORY OF FAITH

*NATHAN, BOY OF CAPERNAUM. By Amy Morris Lillie. Illustrated by Nedda Walker. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.* 1945. 192 *pp.* $2.50.

MISS LILLIE succeeds in doing in this book something that has not been done before, as far as we know, for children. She brings the figure of the living Christ as a character into a story that has for its central figure a Jewish boy living with his family at Capernaum on the Sea of Galilee. Nathan's mother is a kinswoman of Andrew and Simon Peter. A number of the disciples are familiar figures in the little town whose chief industries are fishing and the growing of sheep. It is a devout Hebrew community. When Jesus of Nazareth comes, we see Him through Nathan's eyes. The people are divided in their feeling about His mission. Is He the long promised King of the Jews? When Nathan sees Him heal his little brother, when he watches the miracle of the loaves and fishes he feels, with a child's instinctive wisdom, the difference between the power of a ruler and the power of this gentle, merciful Man.

There is something very moving in the growth of Nathan's faith—something simple and easily understood. He does not see the great drama of Christianity played out to its end. The family go to Jerusalem for the Passover, but after the scene in the Temple with the moneychangers, Nathan's father wisely sends the others home. Later, when he returns to Capernaum, he tells them of the Crucifixion and the Resurrection. Then the rumor rises and spreads that Jesus has been seen by the disciples. Early one morning, on the shore of the Sea of Galilee, Nathan sees Peter and some of the others fishing. There is a fire burning on the shore where they will cook the fish for their breakfast. Then he hears the familiar voice of Jesus. He hears Him tell Peter to "feed my sheep." Through the morning mist and the smoke of the fire Nathan sees Him dimly. He is completely satisfied.

All through the action in Capernaum run the voices of the Hebrew



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# SHORT STORY CONTEST

## *For the Juvenile Field*

CHILD LIFE Magazine is offering prizes for the best short stories for children between the ages of five and thirteen:

**First Prize—$200.00**
**2 Second Prizes—$100.00 each**

CHILD LIFE retains the right to accept at its regular rates any stories that receive Honorable Mention in the contest. Payment will be on acceptance. All unaccepted manuscripts will be returned promptly if stamped, addressed envelopes are enclosed.

***The judges' decisions will be final.***

Stories must not exceed 3500 words in length. They may have American or foreign, modern or historical backgrounds. They may feature adventure; mystery; home life; animals; vocational, industrial, patriotic or international themes. They may be serious, humorous, or fanciful. What we want are good stories that may widen horizons of thought and feeling.

CHILD LIFE buys all serial rights. All other rights—book, movie, radio, etc.—remain the property of the author.

*Address all manuscripts to:*

**CHILD LIFE SHORT STORY CONTEST**
**405 Mercantile Library Building**
**Cincinnati 2, Ohio**

The contest closes JULY 15. Contestants will be notified of results by September 1. The first of the prize-winning stories will appear in our December issue.



***ARE YOU INTERESTED IN CHILDREN'S BOOKS?***

**The Junior Reviewers' Catalog of the BEST CHILDREN'S BOOKS OF RECENT YEARS**
**contains 600 titles, accurately described, grouped by ages, and indexed.**

**MAIL 50c FOR A COPY**—or get it FREE with a subscription to **Junior Reviewers,** a monthly publication reviewing all the new children's books. One year—$2.50 Two years—$4

**JUNIOR REVIEWERS**
Jean Poindexter Colby, Ed.
241 Greenwood St. Newton Centre 59, Mass.



**VOICES**
A QUARTERLY OF POETRY
*Edited by* HAROLD VINAL

Announces its Spring issue devoted to the work of

***WALLACE STEVENS***

*Introductory essay by*
JOHN MALCOM BRINNIN

129 East 74th Street, New York City 21
*50 cents the copy* *$2. the year*


children repeating the great poetry of the Old Testament. There is beauty and freshness in the scenes with Nathan's mother and with the shepherds and their flocks. Nedda Walker's drawings have deep feeling. They interpret the text, as her drawings always do. It is a pity that the editors decided to print some in color. It cheapens them and gives them a conventionality that denies their honest realism.

M. G. D.

## *TRUE CAREER STORIES*

*FASHION IS OUR BUSINESS. By Beryl Williams. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott.* 1945. 205 *pp.* $2.

ONE reads these twelve short biographies of outstanding designers of clothes for women with a sense of refreshment. There have been so many fictionized "career" stories that lack reality and humor. These have both, because these are true stories reported by a writer with an eye for the points that are important to girls who need to make their own living and want to do it through creative art. Some of these designers are men and some are women. They all work in a "commercial" atmosphere. They are all artists and are recognized as such. Disappointment and a sense of frustration probably came to most of them before they found the ladder to success. The variety in their background and experience is responsible, perhaps, for the book's vitality. There was no straight, conventional path to success for most of them. They had to find their own way.

One of the most challenging stories is that of Edith Head, chief designer of the Paramount Studios in Hollywood. Her childhood was spent in mining camps in Mexico and the southwestern United States. After she graduated from college she taught Spanish in private schools. In her free time she studied at an art school. Then a designer saw some of the sketches she had made for her pupils. She had made them just for the sheer pleasure of drawing. They became the foundation of her career. On the other hand, Philip Mangone comes from seven generations of famous tailors. His path was charted for him from the day he came into the world. Clare Potter "climbed the ladder" in the busy, practical atmosphere of the great dress factories on Manhattan's West Side. All of these successful people worked hard, and they all made themselves a vital part of a profession that will appeal to both boys and girls. The book is illustrated with photographs.

M. G. D.


***Longmans Junior Books***

# EMERALDS FOR THE KING

***by Constance Savery***

Young Tosty, hunting jewels on the very spot a war may start, is swept down a lost river, pursued in a wild chase, and rewarded by his king. A delightful story by the author of *The Good Ship Red Lily* (Junior Scholastic Award). Illustrated by Victor Dowling. *Ages 10 up.* $2.00

# ARROW FLY HOME

***by Katherine Gibson***

A beautiful and exciting tale of the boy David, who grew up with his Shawnee friends until the day when he and the girl made the long journey back to the white settlement. Illustrated by Ralph Ray. *Ages 11 up.* $2.00

# CATHY

***by Siddie Joe Johnson***

Cathy is a little girl all other little girls will love. She discovers precious treasure in a beautiful old chest, finds her own kind of war work and meets an unexpected visitor. Illustrated by Mary Lee Baker. *Ages 8-12.* $2.00

*Two new volumes in the*
**AMERICA AT WORK SERIES**
***By Josephine Perry***

THE ELECTRICAL INDUSTRY
Photographs $1.75

THE GLASS INDUSTRY
Photographs $1.75

**LONGMANS, GREEN & CO.**
**55 Fifth Avenue, New York 3**




PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# the Phoenix Nest

### FOR EVERY DEAD MARINE

*(Dedicated to the Memory of Gunnery Sgt. John Basilone, USMC.)*

YOUR blood seeped through the black volcanic ash
on the pinpoint island where the dragon caves
crepitated and stunned with flash and crash,
the whole beach ploughed for graves.

As the barrage roared over your platoon,
and mortar, machine-gun, rocket, and rifle-fire
made all your world like craters on the moon
with fogging pyre on pyre,

you gripped the sand, and held, as you had held
in the Solomons, the Gilberts, the Ladrones,
till grim death towered over you, and felled.
The island has your bones.

But when our flag from Suribachi's cone
spoke to the sky, its affirmation ran
for all mankind, not for one land alone,
from Attu to Bataan,

and covering every ocean, east or west,
sunset or sunrise, yearned for, blurred by tears,
because your heart uplifted in your breast
challenged the brazen years,

answered the lust for blood, contemptuous power
shaking the sword; fought, and returned again
to fight; and in one fiery earthquake hour
proved men are more than men.

Some six or seven years ago I read a remarkable book on Leonardo da Vinci by a Polish woman. Recently I have received a most moving letter from this lady, written last January, begging me to accept her translation of my poem, "Maidanek," which appeared in this department. I wish to print most of her letter here as a genuine document concerning the German occupation of France, from one who has suffered profoundly thereby. She writes:

> The American Embassy has provided me kindly with several issues of *The Saturday Review*. (We have no other possibility of getting American reviews or newspapers, not to speak of books, and many of us who speak English are famished for new publications.)
>
> In one of the numbers of *The Saturday Review* I found your poem. It would have taken me too long to write you and ask for authorization. Your poem is a proof of the American understanding of our sufferings. You certainly don't ignore the feeling of a part of the French public that America is partly unconscious of the martyrdom of our deportees. There are even people of ill-will who pretend that your great country is indifferent to our sufferings. Your poem refutes these objections, and that is the reason why I hastened to translate and to publish it in an organ of the French resistance movement of the youth. I hope that you will forgive me, and don't wonder about this feeling. We see German prisoners supplied with cigarettes and jam—and even, as it seems, oranges—our children don't know what oranges are and our old people fade away. We hear of German soldiers and German population treated with great courtesy by the American Army. Don't take it amiss that we are shocked by it. Our eyes are still full of the horror of things we have seen and cannot forget. I have seen myself—there are still to be seen—the cells of the Gestapo covered with names of people who were shot or tortured, walls splashed with blood, garments of women full of blood, a stretcher stiff with dark stains, a helmet of torture, a beam to which they were tied by the legs. I know of friends of the resistance movement whose wounds have not healed after months or even years, friends dying slowly away in German concentration camps. My only daughter has been arrested by the Gestapo and escaped by something short of a miracle a death under torture. As far as I know a part of my family, if not the whole, has perished in the camp of Maidanek. We cannot forget. I know here a man who dug out from a mass grave the terribly mutilated body of his wife, and he cannot face today the laughter of his small child. Leave them to their avengers, you said in your beautiful poem. Some of us have been soft and sentimental and would not be-

**The cow who learned to slide downstairs...**

New worlds opened for Valery when Georgie Whipple built the slide. It felt lovely to fly through the air with her hind legs tucked under her. Georgie hoped he could get a turn during Valery's lunch. But Valery ate sandwiches, and kept right on sliding. *$1.50*

**Valery**

*By ELIZABETH MALLETT CONGER*

THE ENCHANTING NEW STORY FOR CHILDREN AND GROWNUPS

HENRY HOLT & COMPANY 257 FOURTH AVE., N. Y. 10


## The Criminal Record

### The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

| *Title and Author* | *Crime, Place, and Sleuth* | *Summing Up* | *Verdict* |
|---|---|---|---|
| PAYOFF FOR THE BANKER<br>*Frances and Richard Lockridge*<br>(Lippincott: $2.) | Murder of Manhattan financier in girl's apt. starts Mr. and Mrs. North hitting on all cylinders. | Northian wit and humor so scatterbrained and infectious that certain insufficiencies of plot are easily overlooked. | Agreeable |
| THE LUCKY STIFF<br>*Craig Rice*<br>(Simon & Schuster: $2.) | Last minute reprieve of electric-chair bound girl followed by mass murders in Chicago. Malone and the Justusses get busy. | High-powered start and knock-out finish with material in between positively accentuated. Gory, grim, deft, and hilarious. | Extra good! |
| BLOOD FROM A STONE<br>*Ruth Sawtell Wallis*<br>(Dodd, Mead: $2.) | Murders in French cave-country involve American girl archeologist. Crimes unravel rather precipitately with help of young French aristocrat. | Interesting dope on prehistoric man, some exceptionally shivery scenes, smidgen of romance, and dash of intrigue—expertly mixed. | Rewarding |
| THERE WAS A CROOKED MAN<br>*Kelley Roos*<br>(Dodd, Mead: $2.) | Boarding-house near Columbia University scene of brace of murders and lucrative racketeering. Two semi-pro's solve crimes. | Inmates of rooming-house colorfully depicted, plot has ample action and neat surprise at finish. Sleuths (man and wife) believable and effective. | O. K. |



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lieve in evil. Our milk of human kindness has turned sour under the strain. Don't think us ungrateful either. We know the extent of our debt to the allies. Only the approach of American troops did permit to my daughter escape from prison. The first American soldiers we saw had faces of angels. But today, on this Christmas eve, we think of our deportees, rotting away in Nazi camps. Our prisoners have the benefit of international conventions. But our deportees are without food, without warm clothing, without news—at the mercy of a mass slaughter. And they are the best and the most courageous of us, who are doomed. We are waiting for a pressure from America in favor of our deportees, a pressure from the American armies on German soil. Please forgive this long letter. We have so much to tell—or in any case we think so. And thank you so much for having written "Maidanek."

There is nothing one can really add to such a letter. The pressure of American armies on German soil is now enormous. But under the Geneva convention the United States has carefully seen to it that its German prisoners are well-fed, well-exercised, well-cared-for. And meanwhile our GIs uncover another murder factory at Limburg, Germany, where twenty thousand people were systematically slain. The Germans are indeed a thorough folk! The Nazis disposed scientifically of unruly slave labor. If gas was not convenient there was the hypodermic injection. A six-foot woman "nurse" administered the needle to women "patients."

The woman-writer who wrote me that letter is a highly cultivated, well-educated cosmopolitan, speaking several languages. She had a husband and children, a house and garden. She was, I am sure, like a good many of the writer-friends I have known, a woman of fine talent and charming conversation. What right have we in the United States to talk of being "permanent almoners" to the world—as one of our Senators has put it—so long as there is such hideous suffering in the world? Has our country ever been stricken by such a plague of sadism and fiendish cruelty? Have we seen our houses in ruins? Have we known our wives and daughters dishonored, our families dispersed and destroyed? Have we known any hunger and thirst, any lack of life's necessities? Necessities! There are those on the levelled continent of Europe to whom any of the things we call necessities are sheer luxuries! Our armies have fought magnificently, and are now driving through to the end. But let us at home not forget; and let us forego any easy false sympathy for an enemy whose utter hatred his present fear has only intensified toward all decent humankind.

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.


## PERSONALS

*ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a special and intelligent clientèle; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, traveling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature, expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purpose and character of The Saturday Review. Ads of a strictly personal nature are limited to an exchange of correspondence, thus also enabling an exchange of reference. Rates: 10 cents per word including signature. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Payment in full must be received ten days in advance of publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y.*

**YOUNG GENTLEMAN,** art lover, would like to correspond with responsive, cultured young lady. Box 110-L.

**IS THERE** a graduate of Brown University who would like to acquire a collection of 38 letters and documents relating to Martin Snell of Brown, 1818, for presentation as a gift or memorial to his Alma Mater, at a cost of only $75.00? (All cultural gifts are income tax deductions.) Box 131-L.

**PLAN TO VACATION** in quaint Boothbay Harbor, Maine, and paint. Anson K. Cross Art School. Vision-training method. "Eight to eighty." Charcoal, Oil, Water-color, Landscape, Portrait. College credit certificate. Circular on request. G. R. Brigham, Ph.D., Director. Also Home Study Extension Courses.

**BE THE LIFE** of the party. Make world's most amazing trick. Sample and instructions $5.00. Sample free. George "Idea" Gillespie, Galax, Va.

**"MERRIEBROOK,"** Poughquag, New York. Delightful, peaceful homestead. Tempting meals, inexpensive. North Clove 2583. Adults only.

**HOW CAN I FIND OUT?** Information discreetly developed; any matter, person, problem; anywhere. International facilities. Established 1922. William Herman, 170 Broadway, New York.

**MANSION HOUSE CLUB.** Social, cultural, recreational. Various groups daily, evenings. Write only. 315 West 105 Street, N. Y. C.

**WHEN NEW YORK HOTELS** are turning away customers, that's news, front page stuff. And it scares visitors away from the town. Now when there is room for everybody, that's not news and calls for no mention in the press, so I am telling you in this way that we want to see you. Frank Case, HOTEL ALGONQUIN, 59 WEST 44 STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

**WANTED:** Comfortable home for woman musician, 65, cardiac case, little attention required, ground floor or elevator, Queens (NYC) preferred. Box 157-L.

**EXCLUSIVE MAINE CAMP,** electric equipment. Woods, small lake. 5 rooms. For sale. DAVIS, Tuckahoe, New York.

**WANTED:** complete set Henry James. Good condition. Any edition. Box 151-L.

## PERSONALS

**FOR SALE:** collection English and American book and auction catalogs over 300 pieces. Make offer. J. G. M. Box 1106, Hollywood 28, California.

**WILL RENT TO RESPONSIBLE PARTY** —June 1 to September 15—three room, furnished apartment; convenient downtown (NYC) location; telephone service. Box 216-L.

**SINCERE YOUNG MAN** interested in good books, music, politics, history, travel, and other interesting subjects would like to correspond with sincere young girl of similar interests. Box 185-L.

**CULTURED WOMAN;** practiced housekeeper. Not houseworker. Drive car. Box 187-L.

**WOULD NEW YORK CITY TEACHER** rent—during July and August—her small furnished apartment to southern teacher who would take excellent care of it? Box 188-L.

**WILL ANYBODY SELL** half-price, and remail **regularly,** well **wrapped,** their periodicals to me or to foreign applicants for unobtainable subscriptions? Women's magazines are wanted by wives of diplomats here, and by others from Eire to Fiji. John Crehore, Postbox 2329-R, Washington 13, D. C.

**TRANSLATING FROM FRENCH** carefully and expertly done. Box 190-L.

**GENTLEMAN, COLLEGE GRADUATE,** would like to teach Spanish, Portuguese or French in exchange for conversational English. Box 191-L.

**EASTERN COLLEGE GIRL** with wanderlust wants summer job west of Boston. Box 192-L.

**IS SOMEONE** interested sharing care country place with authoress? Free room. Box 193-L.

**FOR SALE**—Small home in White Mountains. About ten acres. Delightful summer or winter—Box 235, North Conway, New Hampshire.

**WILL SOME MAN** care to correspond with active professional woman of varied interests? Box 196-L.

**FOR SALE:** Beautiful hand wrought iron candelabra, can be used outdoors as hurricane lamps. Original design. Photographs furnished on request. $40.00 pair. Wominer Wrought Iron, Box 230, Grand Island, Nebraska.

**MANUSCRIPTS EXPERTLY REVISED,** edited and typed. Phone TR 4-7008 (NYC) between 6-7. Box 88-L.

**FOR SALE:** part time and summer services —literary, research and executive—by teacher and author with business experience and original ideas—39, M.A.—lucretor multum emptor. Box 149-L.

**BOOKHANDLING SEMINARS.** Expert training Bookshop Technique, Bibliography, Rare Book Collecting. Winter session. KATHARINE LORD, 15 Gramercy Park, N. Y.


*(Continued on next page)*


**TO ORDER ANY BOOK** described or advertised in this issue

**USE THIS COUPON!** (Books sent postage free anywhere in U. S.)

*To:* Your local bookseller

*Or:* **Doubleday, Doran Book Shops,**

*Mail Order Department,* 9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N.Y.

Please send me the following books for which I enclose $.....

(PRINT TITLES OF BOOKS WANTED) .....

.....

*Name* .....

*Address* .....

*City* ..... *Zone No.* (IF ANY) ..... *State* .....




PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

## PERSONALS

(*Continued from page 33*)

**WILL SHARE COMFORTABLE HOME**—Poconos—with other writer-artist-lone soldier's wife who will share domestic responsibility for "Keep" Leisure. References. Rugh, Swiftwater, Pa.

**SUBLET** writer's apartment 3 room comfortably furnished overlooking Manhattan (NYC) Downtown park, whole summer. Box 176-L, Phone GR. 5-4083.

**BRIGHT YOUNG GAL,** college grad, five years' editorial, publicity, direct mail, trade paper, copywriting experience, would like new connection (NYC). Box 177-L.

**WRITER-MUSICIAN** desires position as tutor, companion or secretary. Versatile, educated, sociable, good appearance and excellent references. Box 178-L.

**PERSONABLE MALE,** educated, intelligent; experienced in editorial, counseling, rehabilitation, industrial health work—seeks employment on either coast. Box 179-L.

**BOOK COLLECTOR** with thousands of Californiana seeks feminine assistant really intensely interested in books. Box 180-L.

**TEA TREAT!** Pamper your palate with the full, rich flavor of fine Darjeeling—$1.55 lb., postpaid. CARAVEL, 126 Maiden Lane, N. Y. C.

**A WYOMING VACATION?** Yes, it is possible. Paton's Ranch has mountains looming above it, a trout stream at the door. May they tell you more? Write: Paton Ranch, Shell, Wyoming.

**BOOKKEEPER, TYPIST;** experienced, capable, versatile; college background—$40-$45. Box 204-L.

**LADY, EUROPEAN BACKGROUND** wants summer at seashore or country as secretary-companion. 3 languages. Box 207-L.

**EMINENT PUBLISHING HOUSE** has opening in education sales department for cultured women over 40, desirous of business career; splendid commissions and bonuses; wonderful opportunity for teachers interested in summer work. Apply 10-2, Jane Burnham, 551 Fifth Avenue, Suite 613, NYC.

**CHERCHEZ LA FERME.** Does someone in New England have a farm where a doctor's wife and two happy boys, 3 and 13, can spend a congenial summer as paying guests? We are intelligent, agreeable, adaptable. Please write full details immediately. Box 205-L.

**WANTED,** for challenging work requiring patience, ingenuity, and tact, older unincumbered woman who can drive car, sew, and is happy with books. Prefer someone vicinity of Chicago. Job will be in suburb of that city as part time, lengthening into full time companion to highly literate elderly lady. Excellent salary. Permanent. Box 184-L.

**LYRIC WRITER**—in the Porter, Ira Gershwin, or better manner would collaborate with composer of original music. Preferably obviously in Chicago area. Box 197-L.

**INTELLIGENT, CAPABLE FEMALE, M.A.,** history and English, ten years' experience, desires opportunity as editorial assistant or writer's secretary. Box 153-L.

**YOUNG WOMAN** wants work anywhere June through August. College graduate. Experienced stenographer. Box 152-L.

**PEMAQUID POINT, MAINE**—modern six room, furnished cottage; fireplace, garage. Near John's Bay and Ocean. A quiet restful place. 87 Springfield Avenue, Bridgewater, Mass.

**HARVARD SENIOR,** English major, moderately competent in typing, shorthand, the composition of prose and verse and the use of trigonometry and the differential calculus, wants a job for the summer involving any kind of interesting and lucrative work. Box 182-L.

**SAN ANTONIO TEACHER:** let me rent your San Antonio apartment from last week of June to September first. I'm middle-aged school librarian in winter, an army wife in summer. Box 183-L.

## PERSONALS

**WISH TO SUBLET** two or three room furnished apartment (kitchen and bath). West seventies or eighties (NYC) preferred. Box 217-L.

**WANTED: "HABIT"** by William James. Box 165-L.

**TB CONVALESCENTS** in Adirondack San. in need of literary stimulation. All type books heartily welcomed. Olin Sweet, Ray Brook, New York.

**MANUSCRIPTS INTELLIGENTLY TYPED;** mimeographing; superior workmanship. JENE STERN, 347 Madison Avenue, New York. MU 4-0087.

**HANDY PERSONAL NAME STICKERS.** Name and address 500 for $1.00. Box 24, Richmond Hill, N. Y.

**"THE COURSE IN PROFESSIONAL WRITING** offered by the University of Oklahoma (under the supervision of Prof. W. S. Campbell, 'Stanley Vestal') sounds so efficient and intelligent, whether taken in person or by correspondence, that we are tempted to refer to it many applicants who wish that kind of information and training."—The Saturday Review of Literature (May 13, 1939—page 21). For particulars write STANLEY VESTAL, University of Oklahoma, Norman, Oklahoma.

**CHANGING JOBS SOON?** What's your I.Q., personality strengths, special abilities? Take simple tests mailed you. Psychologists (Ph.D.) advises suitable jobs, courses, future. Refund if dissatisfied. Free information. Vocational Guidance Clinic, 52 Lincoln, Highland Park, N. J.

**"GREEN SHADOWS,"** Lyme, Connecticut. Delightful, informal, New England rooms, cottages.

**ENJOY OLD WORLD CHARM** in America's oldest city. Valencia Hotel, St. Augustine, Florida.

## CLASSIFIED

*ADVERTISING RATES for this Department are: For twenty-six insertions, 7c a word; for thirteen insertions, 8c a word; for six insertions, 9c a word: fewer insertions, 10c a word. Forms close Friday, eight days before publication date. The Saturday Review of Literature, 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y.*

### BOOKS

BOOKS by and about Walt Whitman. First editions, good books, fine prints. Alfred F. Goldsmith, 42 Lexington Ave., New York.

KAFKA BIBLIOGRAPHY—$1.00. Porter, 2303 Durant, Berkeley, California.

### BOOKPLATES

FREE CATALOG. Several hundred beautiful designs. Address "Bookplates," Yellow Springs, Ohio.

### LANGUAGES

LANGUAGE SERVICE, Box 6, Cambridge, Mass. Established 1936. All record courses. Also books in all languages. Booklet SRL.

29 LANGUAGES by Linguaphone. Russian, Spanish, Portuguese—Direct conversational method for mastering any language quickly, easily, correctly at home. Send for FREE book. LINGUAPHONE INSTITUTE, 28 RCA Building, New York. CI 7-0830.

### BOOKS FOR SALE

OVER 700 interesting items in French, German, Latin and English are offered in my April catalog, sent free upon request, H. H. EVANS, BOOKSELLER, 3319 SARCAMENTO STREET, SAN FRANCISCO 18, CALIFORNIA.

### FRENCH BOOKS

FRENCH BOOK COMPANY, 556 Madison Avenue, New York's only French Bookshop where French Books are sold exclusively. Mail order catalogues, 20c.

WE PAY CASH for French books, complete libraries and smaller groups. Correspondence invited. FRENCH BOOK SHOP, 85 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

## CLASSIFIED

### BACK NUMBERS

BACK NUMBER MAGAZINE SPECIALISTS. Established 1889. Abraham's Magazine Service, 56 East 13th Street, N. Y.

### LITERARY SERVICES

LITERARY AGENT FOR 26 YEARS—We sell books, short stories, articles, verse, plays, scenarios, radio scripts. Editing, revision, criticism, typing, ghost writing. Beginners welcomed. Specialists in hard-to-sell manuscripts. Write for information regarding our resultful service. ANITA DIAMANT, WRITERS WORKSHOP, 280 Madison at 40 Street, New York.

MANUSCRIPTS TRANSLATED, EDITED OR TYPED. English, French or German. For terms and references write HAROLD RODITI, 30 East 67 Street (NYC) or phone BU 8-9202.

MANUSCRIPT TYPING: INTELLIGENT, prompt, inexpensive. Ambassador Office Service, 17 East 48 St., N. Y. C. WI 2-1127.

FOR INFORMATION ABOUT twenty-three important services for authors, poets, write THE NATIONAL WRITERS CLUB, Denver 2, Colo.

MANUSCRIPTS TYPED, reasonable, accurate prompt. Aimee Porter, 1150 Partridge Ave., Beloit, Wis.

RESEARCH: CONGRESSIONAL LIBRARY, National Archives, Government Bureau, etc. Odd jobs, simple questions, complex investigations, genealogy, expertly handled. JOHN CREHORE, Box 2329-R, Washington 13, D. C.

LAURENCE ROBERTS, Literary Agent. Stories, novels, articles, books, marketed, criticized, revised. Our writers sell. 33 West 42nd Street, New York 18, N. Y.

MANUSCRIPTS TYPED. Mimeographing. Helen Hutton, Bennington, Vermont.

MANUSCRIPT TYPING: intelligent, accurate, prompt. Albany 9492, Los Angeles, Calif.

BOOK SERVICES. Literary Services. Carl Nissen, RFD 2, Box 316, Salem, Virginia.

YOUR BOOK IN PRINT. New patented plate process permits small editions of 250 to 500 at extremely low cost per copy. Write for free booklet "HOW TO GET YOUR BOOK IN PRINT." The Hobson Book Press, 52 Vanderbilt Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

ORIGINAL SERMONS, SPEECHES, LECTURES, THESES, prepared—also printed sermons, addresses. Criticism, rewriting, ghostwriting of book-length manuscripts, short stories. Fiction Courses. Free circulars. CONTINENTAL WRITERS' AND SPEAKERS' BUREAU, 210 Fifth Avenue, Dept. SR, New York.

AUTHORS, ATTENTION—We are considering adding to our list of publications acceptable manuscripts of prose and poetry. MOSHER PRESS, 85 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

ELEANOR KING, literary agent, books, stories, novels, plays, screen, all languages, marketed; manuscripts typed. 19 West 44, New York 18.

LITERARY ASSISTANCE. Criticism, editing, revision, research. Articles, stories, books, theses, long experience. MARY DOUGLAS, 70 Morningside Drive, New York 27.

MANUSCRIPTS TYPED—accurate, reasonable. Editing on request—Sanders, 137 E. 27 Street, New York 16. MU 5-2444.

DOROTHY MACKENZIE, Literary Agent, successor to Mathilde Weil. Manuscripts criticized and marketed. Send for circular. 535 Geary Street, San Francisco.

REVIEWS, ESSAYS, CLUB PAPERS, SPECIAL TREATISES, to requirements. Education, literary, economic, historical, investigations. Extensive experience. Charges reasonable. AUTHORS RESEARCH BUREAU, 516 Fifth Avenue, New York.

DOROTHY LAUGHLIN McGUINN—Research, revision, ghostwriting, publicity. 1401 North Hudson, Chicago.



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# The Crostics Club

By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

AS I have no way of communicating with DCers who write anonymously or under pseudonyms, I must use this column, inhospitably for once, to state that following the practice of all reputable publications, I shall hereafter throw their letters unread into the waste basket.

A recent letter from Major Cammann Newberry, bound overseas, to his brother, our John Newberry, speaks of the pleasant diversion afforded on shipboard in the doing of DCs from the "Invitation," given to him by his brother at parting. Inasmuch as the men overseas to whom I have sent at their request copies of Dcs, invariably thank me for this relief from boredom, why haven't we a case of priority when it comes to publishing our books, I wonder? Meanwhile, as our Mayor urges in his weekly broadcast, "Patience and Fortitude!"

Among the letters received from Decennial DCers some have not only done all of them but have saved the *SRL* puzzles and the books to rub out and do again while awaiting more. (Real Patient Griseldas, aren't they?) Most of them use reference books more or less because they like the by-paths along which the hunt for new words leads them. And several, with only one exception, approve of the new puzzle set-up. It gives me especial pleasure when our DCs tide puzzlers over concern over their sons in service, or over other distresses, as many a one has written. I am grateful for such reassurances.

In planning a DC the other day for Series 19 I had eliminated at the last moment an *and* as making for 226 boxes when our page limits me to 225 boxes, including letters and spaces. Apparently I failed to take the *and* out of the laid-out quotation and I also failed in the end to check up the number of letters in the words made to be sure that they tallied with the number in the quotation, as is my safe practice. Thus I found later upon distributing the numbers from quotation to words an excess of three letters in the words, making the word *and*. But, do you know, that to take an *a*, an *n*, and a *d* at that stage of my puzzle out of the words already completed necessitated a change in six words and in the process the utilization of a geographic name more local than is my practice to employ. This necessity, due to discovery of errors in the making, accounts for the occasional use of a word less representative than I in general approve. Hence this exposition.

S. M. Shiver, Jr., a college teacher away from campus on a government job, a recent convert to DCs, unknowingly goes our exponent of Latin quotations one better. He pleads for passages from foreign languages even without labeling the language beforehand.

APRIL 21, 1945

## DOUBLE-CROSTICS: No. 578

### DIRECTIONS

*To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-four words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.*

*When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (Second edition).*

**The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 13 of this issue.**

### DEFINITIONS

**A.** Deepest known part of Indian Ocean, 22,968 ft. (2 wds.)

**B.** Great Austrian ballet dancer in America (1810-84).

**C.** Said of a cross with each of its four ends forked.

**D.** Kind of paper 14 x 17 inches (2 wds.)

**E.** Ode by Timrod extolling the Confederate Union (1861).

**F.** The steed of Don Quixote.

**G.** Acute angle between the lateral axis and the axis of a wing of an airplane (Aeronautics).

**H.** Full-grown male kangaroo (Australia; 2 wds.)

**I.** "Community" in Tennessee founded by Frances Wright for emancipation of slaves (1825).

**J.** U. S. Secretary of War, 1781-3.

**K.** Story by Hawthorne of a former lime-burner (1851; name in title).

**L.** City in the Italian colony of Libya.

**M.** Vigor; health.

**N.** Consisting or made up of what is chosen or selected.

**O.** Applied to a vote in which the voters stand to be counted.

**P.** In a neat, well-ordered manner.

**Q.** Jars or pots of any kind (Roman Arch.)

**R.** Seven-point type (Printing).

**S.** Public poster or placard (French).

**T.** Applied to an "egg" used in mending stockings.

**U.** Being carried out, as a law, etc. (2 wds.)

**V.** Overweening conceit; excessive self-importance (2 wds.)

**W.** Engaged as in a wrestling bout (Slang; 3 wds.)

**X.** Current story by leading Negro writer (1940; also dramatized 1941)

### WORDS

109 141 121 146 1 158 15 38 174 114

65 53 106 94 30 28 147

16 139 100 36 88 2 134 115

131 145 175 132 111 80 91

125 105 133 14 130 98 110 83 162 79 26 24

154 13 46 124 76 51 41 60 143

50 58 3 35 182 108 160 127 27

151 31 82 64 165 97

176 148 129 34 63 186 153

52 12 48 170 119 101 73

56 21 95 185 163 42 9 40 173 142

113 184 116 156 107 102 66

33 89 123 59 77 150 85 103

181 68 92 157 118 149 23 6

180 172 22 93 70 49

171 17 74 39 7 55

54 187 43 10 122

159 178 152 18 69 126

136 140 167 104 87 61 155

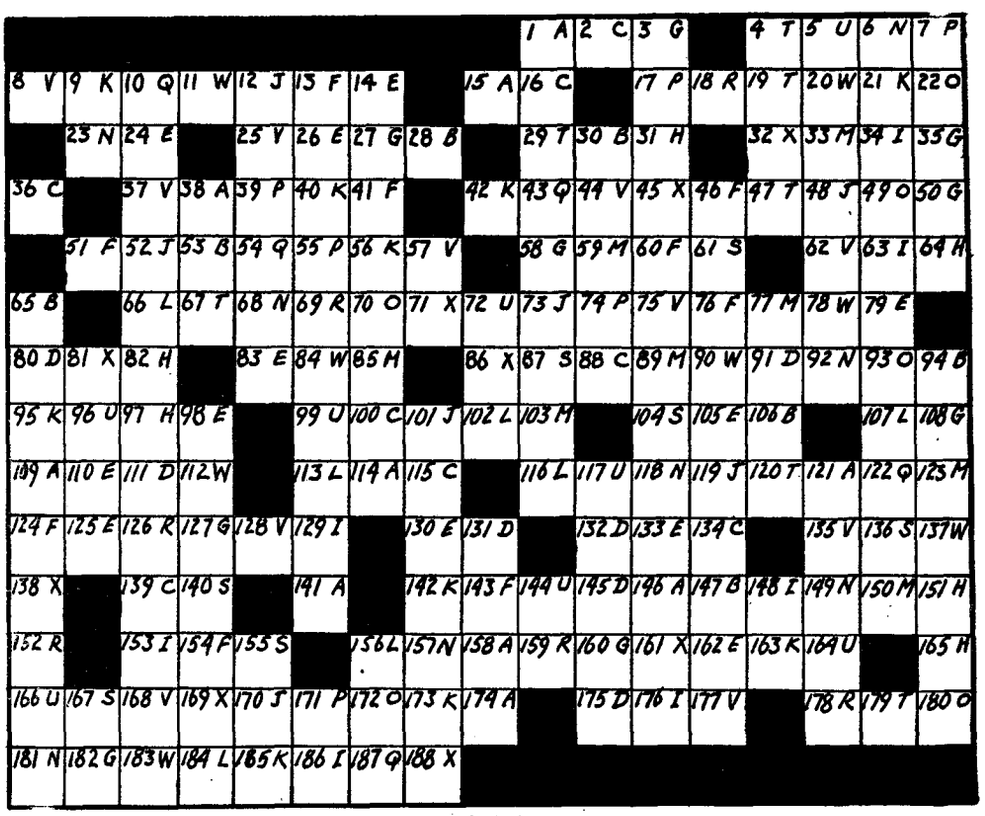
4 29 179 67 47 120 19

96 117 72 99 166 5 144 164

62 135 128 25 168 75 57 37 44 8 177

84 137 11 20 78 90 183 112

81 86 138 169 71 188 45 32 161




PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

*All these Borzoi Books were designed by W. A. Dwiggins*

A new edition of
"perhaps the greatest work ever written
on one country by the citizen of another."
*—from the Foreword by Harold J. Laski*

# ALEXIS DE TOCQUEVILLE'S DEMOCRACY IN AMERICA

Edited with introduction, editorial notes,
and bibliographies by
*Phillips Bradley*
*Professor of Political Science, Queens College*
and a foreword by Harold J. Laski.

**BENJAMIN F. WRIGHT,** *Chairman, Department of Government, Harvard University:* "*Democracy in America* is certainly one of the two or three greatest commentaries ever written on American government and society. We have long needed a new edition, not only because the book was out of print, but also because the Reeve-Bowen edition was only partially satisfactory and the book needed an introduction which would supply background for the present-day reader. . . . The edition is a splendid piece of book-making, and Professor Bradley has done an excellent job of introducing the book and its author."

**MERLE CURTI,** *Professor of History, University of Wisconsin:* "Certainly we very much needed a new edition of Tocqueville. In my opinion Professor Bradley has put us considerably in debt to him. I find his introduction illuminating and informative. . . . It was a splendid idea to discuss the reception of *Democracy in America*. Above all, I like the way in which he has discussed the subsequent course of institutions, problems, and issues that Tocqueville ventured judgments on and made predictions about."

2 volumes, illustrated, 982 pages.
The set $6.00

*These are* BORZOI BOOKS
*They are on sale at all bookshops and are published in New York by*
ALFRED · A · KNOPF

BORZOI BOOKS

## MINOR HERESIES

**by JOHN ESPEY.** Gay, irreverent reminiscences of a childhood spent in a Presbyterian mission in one of the native quarters of Shanghai. "Winning, unpretentious . . . Chinese servants and nursemaids, hilarious practical jokes, the guileless comedy of some missionary ideas—and sometimes heroism, too—compile a record that sparkles with both fun and feeling."—CHRISTOPHER MORLEY, *Book-of-the-Month Club News.* $2.00

## THE LONG JOURNEY

**by JOHANNES V. JENSEN.** With an introduction by Francis Hackett. A new edition, completely reset, of the world-renowned epic novel which was the basis for the award of the Nobel Prize for Literature to its author in 1944. Three volumes in one—*Fire and Ice, The Cimbrians,* and *Christopher Columbus.* 698 pages. $3.50

## THE MUSICAL SCENE

**by VIRGIL THOMSON.** A chronicle covering four years in the musical life of New York City, made up of selected reviews and Sunday articles by the profound and witty critic of the *New York Herald Tribune.* Covers orchestras, conductors, composers, opera, recitalists. $3.00

**The Text of the Play**

## A BELL FOR ADANO

**by PAUL OSBORN.** A dramatization of the novel by John Hersey—a smash hit now in its fifth month on Broadway. "One of the finest war plays you will ever see."—HOWARD BARNES, *New York Herald Tribune.* "No better play has come out of this war."—JOHN MASON BROWN.
*Illustrated.* $2.00

## MILLENNIUM I

**A PLAY by W. A. DWIGGINS.** What would happen if machines took the next step in their own kind of evolution, became rational, able to make and execute plans, and forced us to knuckle under? This is the situation on which Mr. Dwiggins has based a highly imaginative play whose climax comes with mankind's daring rebellion against the dominating machine. W. A. D. has designed the book and made for it ten characteristic illustrations.
$2.00

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED